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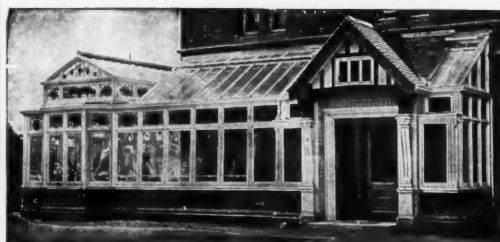
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## FORESTRY AND DEER FORESTS

AN article that appeared the other day in the *Times* under the heading of "Spreading Deer Forests" drew attention to a question that has been troubling estate owners and politicians for a considerable time. The main fact to be kept in mind is that during the last twenty-five years the area devoted to deer forests and grouse moors has increased from 1,800,000 acres to 4,000,000 acres. To a very large extent this growth has gone on against the wishes of the proprietors. Most of them would prefer to keep the land in the form of hill grazings. This system was introduced towards the end of the eighteenth century and led to much emigration and other trouble. Up to that time the Highlanders had made a very poor living from cultivating small plots of land and living in hovels instead of houses. These dwellings are not yet wholly extinct. There are places where the tourist can see the smoke escaping from a hole in the wall instead of a chimney, and the number of one-roomed cottages would be shocking if it were not for the sparseness of the population. Many loud and bitter lamentations were

made because of the exit of the crofters to make way for the sheep farmer. The latter has had his day, and sheep farming as an occupation has ceased to be profitable. It would serve little to go into details about the reasons, which, briefly, are the exhaustion of the soil and the strength of Australian competition in the wool and meat markets. The decline in Highland sheep farming is not altogether dissimilar from that other falling off in sheep farming of which Sir Daniel Hall has recently written at considerable length. Great Britain's reputation as the stud farm of the world ensures a profit from pedigree flocks, but sheep did not remain the "sheet anchor" of the farmer after Australia began to supply sheep, mutton and cheap wool on the grand scale. There are various awkward points in the laws and customs connected with the going out and coming in of tenants in the Highlands, such, for example, as acclimatisation, that have in many cases led to the owner taking the land into his own hands, and where an experienced grazier cannot make a living it may be taken for granted that a landowner has little chance.

Thus hill grazings were thrown on the market and the owners were practically obliged to let them for any purpose they would serve. That, in brief, is the story of the transformation of hill grazings into deer forests. The mere figures, taken without explanation, may give a handle to those who think any stick good enough to beat the landowner with, but reasonable men will be more profitably engaged in asking what better use can be made of the land. There can only be one answer in regard to a considerable proportion. It could not be, by any means, at present cultivated profitably, and it is better let for sporting purposes than allowed to go derelict. On the other hand, those who are zealous for increased production, of which we are entirely in favour, suggest that there is a considerable quantity of this land which might be more usefully employed than as a moorland. In addition to increased food production it is realised that an increased supply of timber is urgently needed. Wood is very nearly as great a necessity as cereals and meat. It would be well, therefore, if the ground were surveyed with a view to delimiting the land respectively which is only good for sporting purposes and that which could be utilised for the growing of timber trees. It would be well if someone acquainted with what has been done on the Continent should be employed for the purpose, because it has been shown there that the mere fact of land being relinquished to heather and bracken does not necessarily mean that it cannot be utilised for food purposes.

The Duke of Atholl some time ago had a party of working men on his estate, and from 35,000 acres they were not able to select a plot that in their opinion would support a small-holder. But then, they were not experts and probably did not know what had been done in other countries. There is waste that can be reclaimed and waste that cannot. It is most advisable to grow food wherever that can be done at a profit; but much land is fitted to grow trees of the utmost value to commerce that would not yield a profitable return if devoted to the usual mixed husbandry. But all this should not be left to guesswork or even to the judgment of an individual who, as likely as not, has given the treatment of such land no adequate attention. It has been said that of the 4,000,000 acres now devoted to sporting about 100,000 acres could be advantageously planted at the present moment. That would be a very good beginning—a large beginning, in fact, if we consider that all the agitation about forestry has so far resulted only in about 35,000 acres of trees being planted. The best course would be to get on with these 100,000 acres as fast as possible.

## Our Frontispiece

ON the first page of this week's issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* is given a portrait of Lady Scott. She is the second daughter of the late Mr. William Charles Anderson, of Hill House, Keston, Kent, and was married to Sir Samuel Scott, Bt., on March 18th, 1920.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to *COUNTRY LIFE*, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



# COUNTRY NOTES



It will pain and astonish those who saw the enthusiastic and unprecedented crowds at Darlington to know that the Royal Agricultural Society has suffered a great loss by holding it. The wet weather affected the attendance on the later days of the Show, but on the opening days one record after another was broken. The direct revenue from gates and stands is estimated at thirty thousand pounds, and it was thought that this would not only meet the expenses, but leave a profit behind. The accounts presented by Mr. Adeane on Wednesday show that the additional expense incurred from charges for erection of the showground amounted to thirty-five thousand pounds against eighteen thousand at Cardiff in 1918. The honorary treasurer remarked that "a few Darlingtons would wipe out the whole Reserve Fund and bring the Society back to the position they were in in 1905, or worse." He received the support of the Council when he insisted that they must face the position. A committee has been appointed to investigate and report on the whole question of the finances of the Society. It is evident that if the preparation of the Show yard of the future is to cost anything like the sum it did in Darlington it will be very difficult to meet it, especially as the transport charges incurred by the exhibitors are more likely to go up than down. The revenue cannot expand much further, and the only hope of restoring the Society's finances to a sound basis would appear to lie in reduction of expenditure.

DISEASE, favoured by incessant rain, has made its appearance among the potatoes in a way there is no mistaking. Unless immediate steps are taken, the result will be disastrous, all the more so because bread is going to be very dear. Potato disease may be dealt with in either of two ways. If the crop is well advanced the haulms should be cut off before disease gets down to the tubers. The first signs of its appearance are blackened and curled leaves at the top, whence the fungus descends till the whole plant is withered. If it is not too far advanced, remove the infected foliage and spray with Bordeaux mixture at the rate of half a pint to two gallons of water. Do this at once and repeat the operation a fortnight later. A dry day should be chosen for the operation, as the effect of spraying will be nullified if rain be allowed to wash the mixture off the leaves. In this way a portion of the crop may be saved. The land should afterwards be dressed with lime or with the ashes of a rubbish fire, which will give equally good results, especially if a fair proportion of earth is burnt with such roots and weeds as have been placed on the heap. No potatoes should be grown on the ground next year, and it will be highly imprudent to use the crop for seed potatoes. These should be obtained from a distant and non-infected area.

AS the heavy rain has now not only threatened the cereal crops but inflicted considerable damage, and as it is of the utmost importance that every scrap of available food should be obtained for next winter's consumption, one must hope that there will be hearty co-operation between the farmers and the labourers. The chance of success lies wholly in taking advantage of such intervals of fine weather as occur. This is very well understood, and before the August Bank Holiday many farmers asked their workers to come if the day were fine. But the reply was not altogether satisfactory. On a considerable area, about twenty-five miles out of London, where we made enquiries, it was found that on about half of the farms the labourers had willingly volunteered to come, and, indeed, they began harvesting operations on Monday morning but, of course, conditions prevented them from going on. On the other hand, fifty per cent. of workers absolutely refused to give up their holiday even though promised extra wages and another holiday instead later on. Now, if this policy were generally adopted it would inflict very great hardship on the country at large. The days of working are at present very short, and, though the employers would cheerfully pay the overtime rates, there seems to be disinclination on the part of the employees to extend them. Should the weather continue to be broken, therefore, it is difficult to say how very heavy loss can be avoided. The effect of present arrangements upon the agricultural labourer is to make him very reluctant to move a finger more than he can help, and in this way he is obstructing that increase of the food supply which at the moment every consideration urges upon British agriculture.

## BEECH WOODS.

There is a spirit in them hard to name—  
Tender and tranquil, noble and withdrawn;  
It lifts the heart to tremulous acclaim,  
Like some incredible dawn.

Smooth-boled and softly rounded, the dim trees  
Are coloured like old anchors that have lain  
A long time drowned in deep and quiet seas  
The other side of pain.

An effluence, a thin green fairy light  
Washes the woody spaces, flickers and flows;  
A dove-like Presence hovers, recedes, takes flight . . .  
The peace that no man knows.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE assembly, or Jamboree, as is the fashion to call it, at Olympia is inspiring. As Sir Robert Baden-Powell says, "we elders have got the world into a terrible mess, a welter of slaughter and famine," and some of us almost despair of seeing any emergence from it. But if anything will chase that feeling away, it is the knowledge that the young, in whom our hope is placed, are being trained to citizenship in a way that the previous generation may well envy. Sir Samuel Waring described the gathering as representative of the Boy Scout movement in many parts of the world. Those present were representative of no fewer than twenty-one nations and a million Boy Scouts. The movement they stand for was regarded from the very beginning as full of promise. It took the lads into the open air and taught them to be observant, self-possessed and self-dependent. They took to it as a fish takes to the water. Sir Robert Baden-Powell had the invaluable gift of exciting their enthusiasm, with the result that they promise to form a generation exceeding in patriotism and resourcefulness those who have gone before. Let us hope the movement will go on extending till it has become part of the training of youth in every nation and in every clime. It is not unreasonable to believe that such a far-spread organisation would be a nucleus on which a real league of nations could be built in the future. They would form a bulwark against the outbreak of war.

AN important announcement is made by the Ministry of Agriculture to the effect that all restrictions are now removed on the importation of potash. The traffic, as a matter of fact, has already been resumed. During

1919-20 a considerable quantity of high grade potash salts was imported from Germany by the Government in exchange for food supplied in the spring of 1919. Potash was also imported on a large scale privately, under licence, from Alsace. But the farmer should understand that now the Government, as it were, relinquishes the business. He ought to apply in the ordinary way to his usual merchant or co-operative society, and, as there may be a rush, it is advisable to do so in good time. Kainit 20 per cent. salts and muriate of potash should be obtainable from Alsace, and kainit, 20 and 30 per cent., muriate of potash and sulphate of potash from Germany. These ought to be a considerable help next year, for the stable manure, on which farmers of old used to place so much reliance, is increasingly difficult to obtain and also very dear. The more we use mechanical traction in our towns, the less manure there naturally is to send out to the farmers.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,  
To all the sensual world proclaim  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

THESE lines, long attributed to Sir Walter Scott, have been discovered by Mr. James Rankin as occurring in a poem written by a Major Mordaunt in 1791. They occur first in Scott's works as a motto to "Old Mortality," published in 1815, and they embody and express one side of the great wizard's personality so perfectly that nobody seems to have questioned their authorship. Lockhart accepted it and referred to the lines as "his own immortal words." Many anthologists have followed his example. Yet Sir Walter was not in the slightest to blame. He never claimed the authorship and was not altogether responsible for those who ascribed all those mottoes under which he wrote "Anon" or "Old Play" to himself. What had probably happened was that they had got into his head and he had forgotten the author, very likely thinking them part of some ballad or another that had little else in it. Genius like his has often made free with the work of other people. Shakespeare and Burns both did it, and in every case the lines became the adopted children of him who announced them.

ALL golfers, and especially all those who have ever been to Sandwich, will be grieved at the death of Mr. Ryder Richardson. He early gained fame at Rugby football, playing for England while still a schoolboy, but he will be chiefly remembered as the most indefatigable of golf club secretaries, first at Eastbourne, then at Hoylake, and lastly for a number of years at Sandwich. For more than twenty years he was secretary to the delegates in charge of the Amateur Championship, and was also a very active Vice-President of the Ladies' Golfing Union. Infinitely energetic and hardworking and a businesslike organiser, he could still always find time in the hurly-burly of a big tournament to be kind and friendly to all comers, and his cheerful greeting was one of the pleasantest things to be looked forward to on a visit to Sandwich. During the war he had thrown himself into military work in his neighbourhood with his accustomed thoroughness. Perhaps he had worked too hard for he seemed lately to his friends to have lost something of his old buoyancy and youthfulness, though none can have expected this sudden end. That familiar bustling figure in the check suit and Free Forester tie will be much missed at the St. George's Club House, which will hardly seem the same place without it.

THERE is, perhaps, no game to which men are devoted with so single a heart as cricket, and so there is always something a little pathetic about the retirement of famous cricketers. Two such have lately been announced. Mr. Warner has begun to find the wear and tear of first-class cricket too much for him, and this is to be his last season. He is wisely giving up the game long before it has given him up. If not quite at his best, "a-tiptoe on the highest point of being," he is still a great batsman and a model of the virtues of the straight bat to all young players. For him cricket has been a great romance, and even though the familiar harlequin cap be no longer seen at Lord's he should have before him many years of good scores in less exacting

matches and good service to the game. At the same time Mr. M. C. Kemp ceases to preside over Harrow cricket. He has slaved for it since 1889, an even longer period of service than that of the late Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell at Eton or of his successor, now also retired, Mr. C. M. Wells. All schools have their ups and downs at cricket, and that of Harrow has lately seemed a little decadent, a subject on which we have published some interesting letters from good cricketers. But Harrow cricket will have its good times again and, win or lose, it will always owe Mr. Kemp a debt of gratitude.

GENERAL BOOTH, whose sympathy with the working man will not be questioned, has been making a tour of Australia, New Zealand, Canada and Ceylon. He comes back with an uneasy feeling in regard to labour questions. It arises from a discovery that in every country there is emerging what he calls "a kind of antipathy to work." It is different altogether from the ambition to obtain better wages. He seems to think that the labouring man is cultivating the idea that "there is something inimical to human work and happiness in work *per se*." He was asked in Australia to use his influence in favour of a five-day week, and found, on examining the proposition, that it meant four and a half days, whereupon he told them about an old Book which says "six days shalt thou labour." General Booth is of opinion that the backbone of labour in this country is made up of men of sound religious training and moral integrity, and the rank and file of the Labour Party consists largely of men of moral character who "look with contempt on this Bolshevik cackle." He wants them to come out into the open and not be led by extremists. There is no doubt about his having struck the right nail on the head. The vast majority of working men are anything but lazy. They are perfectly content to do a full day's work for a full day's wage; but, unfortunately, they are under the influence of a little gang of leaders whose aim is not to improve the condition of the poor, but revolution pure and simple.

#### IN THE DAYS TO COME.

In the misty days to come  
I will build a little home.  
Just three rooms so warm and neat;  
One with cushioned window-seat,  
Curtains of the sweetest chintz,  
Grey, and blue, and cloudy tints;  
Oaken settles, old and black,  
Chairs and table I'll not lack  
Of the same dim sombre hue  
And of bookshelves not a few.  
While in my little garden there  
Trees of apple, plum, and pear  
Shall keep guard on pinks and stocks,  
Mignonette, and hollyhocks.

MURIEL FREDA TURNER.

AT a time when every consideration urges us to decrease expenditure the Ministry of Health proceeds gaily to add to the national expenditure. A week or two ago it was announced that a permanent staff of medical men, at large salaries, had been appointed, apparently to look after the other medical men and see that they did their work. They thus became officials and, as official is followed by official, another permanent burden is added to the finances of the country. Now we have a Proprietary Medicines Bill which will cause still further expense. It is the latest essay in the art of spoon-feeding a nation. Many interesting and valuable discoveries have been made by people outside the medical profession who had given attention to diseases and the art of curing them. With the real offences mentioned in this Act the common law is surely capable of dealing. Anyone aiding and abetting such offences as causing miscarriage lays himself open to trial and punishment. For the rest, the protection against quacks and charlatans is not grand-motherliness, but education. It is clear that the new Ministry of Health has many large and important duties to perform, and new powers, new departments and new expenses afford no guarantee that legitimate work will be efficiently discharged.



# MR. FRANK BENSON

## A PERSONAL NOTE

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THE name and fame of Mr. Frank W. Benson were very little known in this country before the appearance in COUNTRY LIFE of the two appreciations of him, as etcher and as naturalist respectively, which were written round and about some reproductions of his work. It was distinguished work which spoke for itself as to his quality as an artist with the dry point, gifted with an eye of something like Japanese fineness to catch the exact significance of line in his studies of bird and other life. At the same time, he may recall, in the sombre effects of cloud mass and driving rain, a master etcher of very different manner from the Japanese: no less an one than Rembrandt himself.

The figure of "The Gunner," which really may well serve as a portrait of the artist returning from one of those expeditions in which his eye trained itself to learn the figures of the fowl wherein, for the moment, his interest was of a more sporting nature, has distinctly a Rembrandtesque suggestion. And how admirable it is! One may almost feel, as one looks, the gloom of late evening closing down like a pall, the fatigue of each heavy step with which the thigh-booted legs plough through the water, the cold sting of the driving rain at the back of the neck which bends before it, the warmth of the furry cap pulled down well upon the ears. And yet, withal, it is a triumphal progress on which this almost pathetic figure is trudging, for

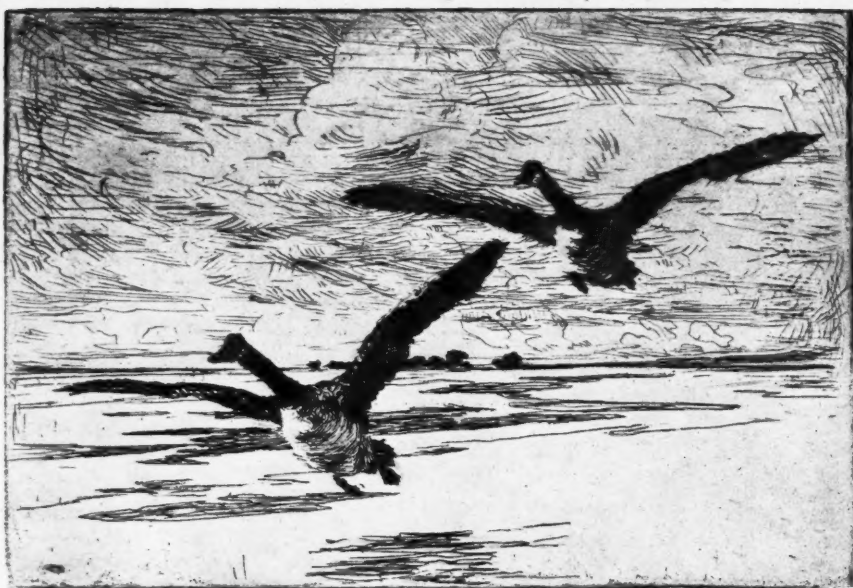


Frank Benson.

"THE GUNNER."

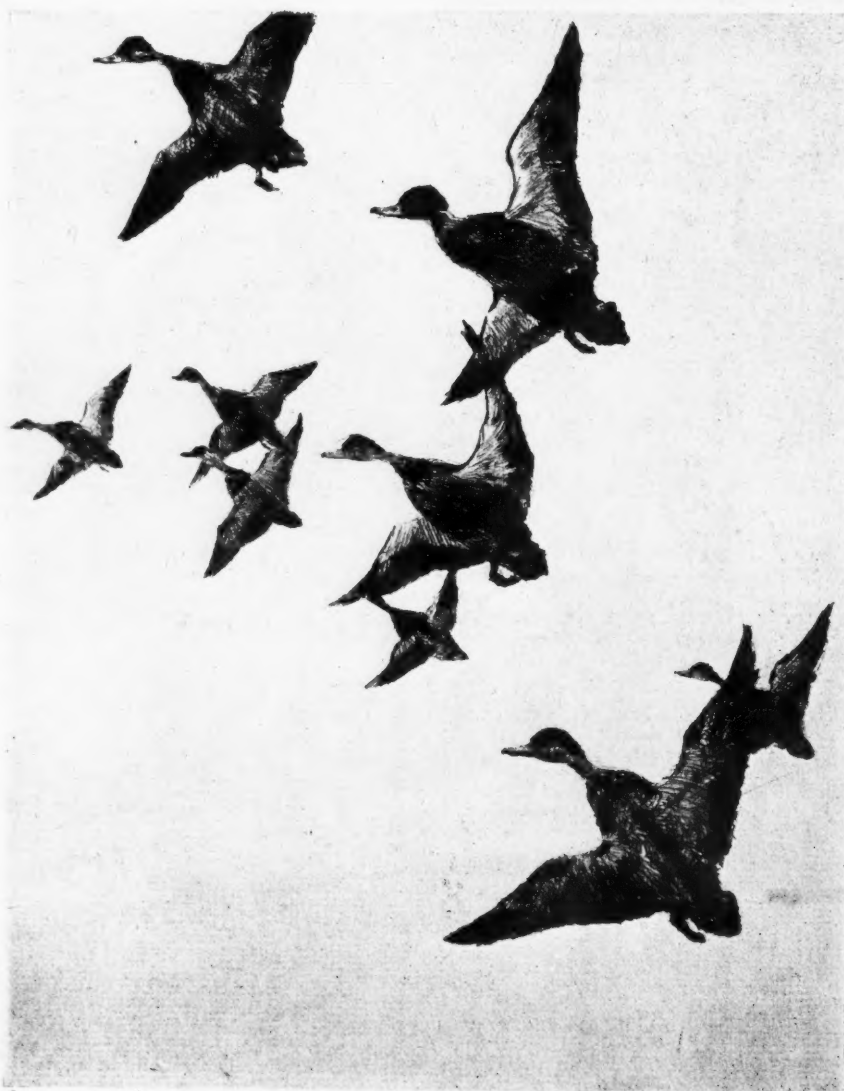


in the hand which is not engaged with his gun he carries the spoil for which all this so arduous campaign was joyfully undertaken—a brace of duck, held by the feet, long necks and heads dependent. The like delicate and, maybe, nearly subconscious sense of fine shades of difference indicated by the finest possible variation of line is seen if we compare the two figures in the sailing boat. Both, we may take it, have their attention claimed by some object right ahead, but the one, the steersman, watches it with the eager gaze of a man to whom that object is of the first and most active import; it is for him to see to it that his own craft, to which his hand on the rudder gives the directive influence, approaches that object at precisely the right angle for safety and for his immediate purpose; the pose of the other is that of the idle, passive, yet interested spectator. A great story-teller with his dry point is this American etcher: he tells us very human stories; but, perhaps, he arrests the attention more by the vivid bird pictures in which he so delights and by which he so delights us. Some little curiosity was evoked to know something of his story and of his mode of studying these quickly moving models. In response to that interest we wrote to one who is a personal friend of Mr. Benson, who is perfectly acquainted with his methods and has shared in some of the expeditions from which the artist returned with an eye so richly and so precisely filled with its impressions. The following is that friend's reply, only the more vivid, maybe, in its characterisation because it was written with no purpose of publication. It may be noted that, unless the local legend errs, the name of Salem, that old world town (as antiquity is reckoned in the New World), is more often on British lips than many Britons know. The tale runs that certain French prisoners detained at Salem in the early part of the last century beguiled the time by the invention of a card game, wherein the highest possible achievement and score was designated by the name of the most respectable and dignified spot within their present ken—"Grand Salem"—the next most splendid achievement by the locality next in value—"Petit Salem"—while the immediate place of their confinement—"Misère"—gave its name to the most wretched congregation of cards and the lowest possible score of which the game permitted. After many days these terms have become the Grand Slam, the Little Slam and the Misère of the bridge player.



*Frank Benson.*

"INCOMING GEESE."



*Frank Benson.*

"BLACK DUCKS, No. 2."

The admirably descriptive letter of Mr. Benson's friend runs thus:

*West Lynch, Allerford, Somerset.*

In reply to your enquiry as to some personal notes upon Mr. Frank Benson. He is a striking and genial personality, tall and athletic, with a genial expression and a merry twinkle in his eye which is attractive and humorous. Over six feet in height, he is a man of about fifty-eight years of age, but with all the appearance of twenty years younger. His interest in wild life and birds was no doubt much assisted by the sea coast, islands, and marches that surround his home on the shores of the Atlantic in the quaint old town of Salem, Massachusetts, the harbour and fishing fleet of which can be seen from his windows. Born in this quaint old New England town which, before the disastrous fire played such havoc with the old timbered houses of the Georgian period, was the finest example of the Colonial in the Northern States, Mr. Benson marrying as he did a lady from the same place, has become one of the representative types of the country and a well known figure in that place. It is from Salem that so many of the fine old New England skippers of the old Clipper Ships sailed on their trading expeditions to Europe and elsewhere, and there are still traces in

Indians and which were no longer obtainable. He began to tell me how they made the preparation of seasoning the different types of bark used in parts of the wood, the special grain of the woods selected for the stretchers, and the peculiar method of binding which is adopted by the old Indians for the winding of the hide thongs, and the quality of the paddle. All these facts and many others were at his finger ends and I became so interested as he with pencil in hand showed me the various "tricks" of a perfect canoe, that two hours had passed most agreeably and other things had been quite forgotten.

On another occasion I met him, delighted at one day's duck shooting he had had on an island called Martha's Vineyard, lying hidden off the Maine coast and a great place for duck in the late autumn and early winter. Shooting there is from rushes hidden in the sand-dunes, and he and a kindred spirit had shot about forty brace in the early morning hours—an exceptional day's sport. But among the bag was an English widgeon and this was a peculiar circumstance which gave him all the delight of a schoolboy, as they were rarely found so far afield.

There is a plate etched by him which he calls "The Gunner," and it is of additional interest to me as it is the artist to the life, the artist also in a mood that must have delighted him.



"MORNING FLIGHT."

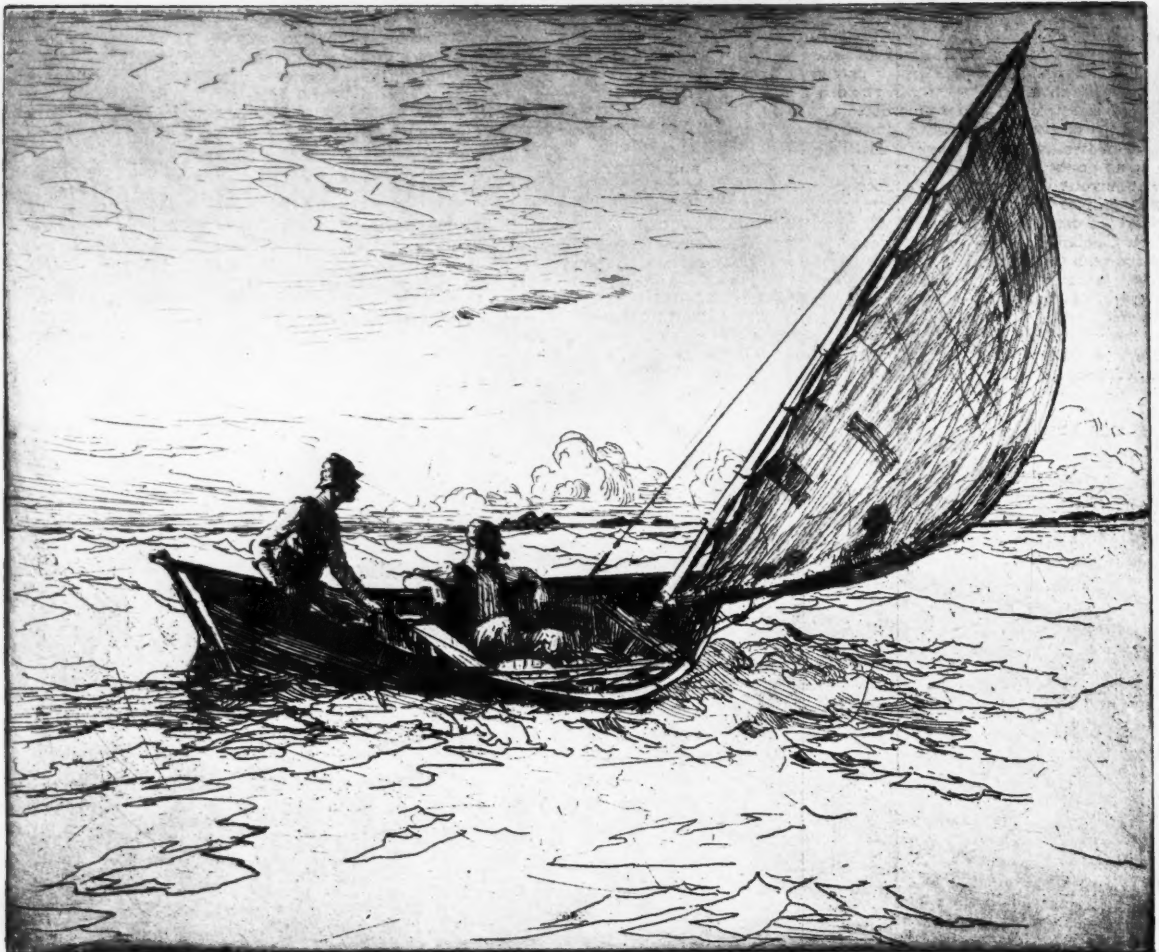
the museum there of the adventures that many of them undertook and the prizes they made. Mr. Benson's ancestors probably were of this stock, and certainly of English origin and I recall him telling me that his wife's great-grandfather was the owner of one of these vessels built in Salem and which was noted for its speed and fine lines at that time. Mr. Benson, after you have talked with him, seems to be possessed of much of the spirit of enterprise and sport which has descended from that period, and whether he is discussing with you the old days of Salem, the merits of wet and dry fly fishing, the advantage of decoys, the working of the English pointer above all others, and his preference in trout and salmon rods, in fact in discussing any matter affecting sport, his enthusiasm and genuine love of everything affecting it convince one of his keenness, and inspire the listener also to desire to join him upon some of his expeditions. Perhaps it would not be fair to say of him, whose work as a painter of portraits has secured for him every honour that America has to offer, that his real interest is his holidays and sport, yet there are few men and still fewer Americans whose sense of enjoyment revels in such boyish keenness and delight as does his.

I recall in this instance two particular incidents. One morning when I went to see him about some of his work at his studio in Boston, we fell to talking of the old birch bark canoes made by the

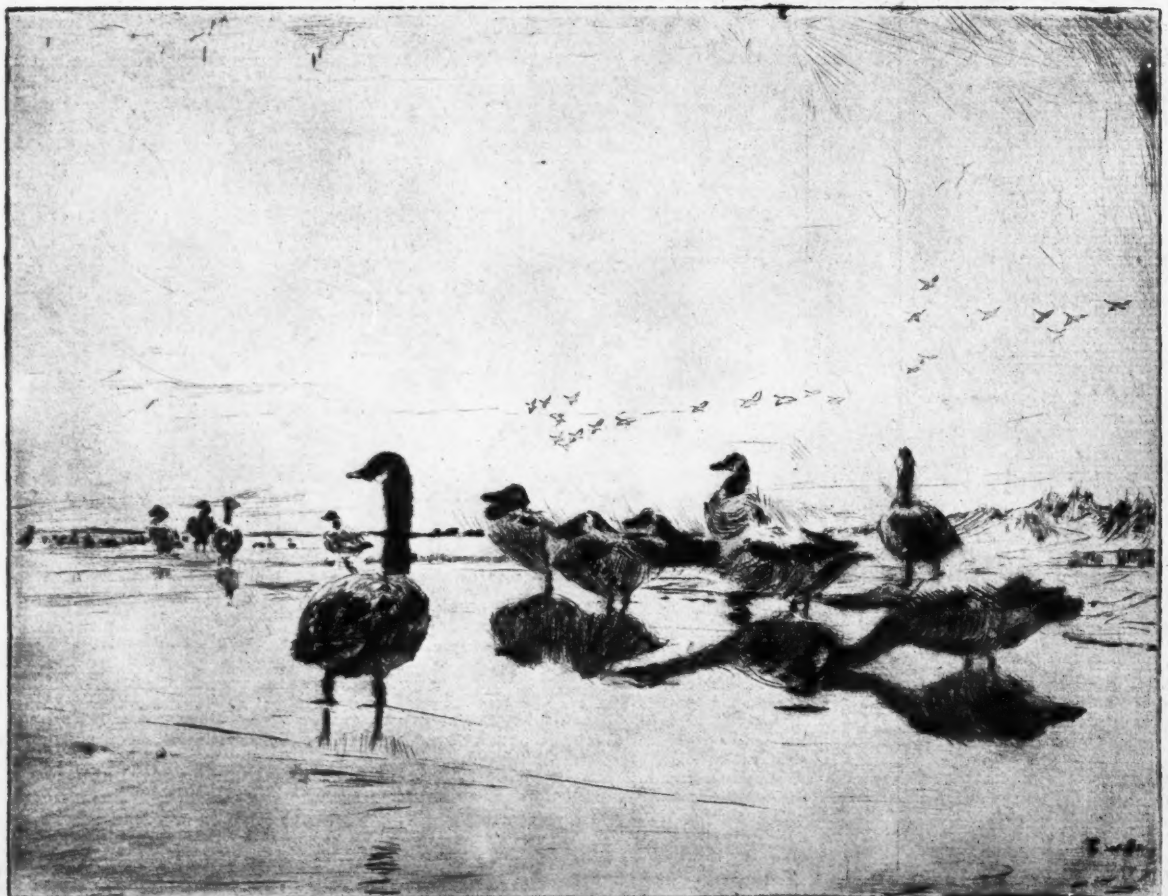
Mr. Benson has a delightful family life and needless to say is adored by his children, all of them now grown up. He is as pleased tying knots for his favourite grandchild or showing him how to throw a fly as when he is making long tramps with his son or sailing a small boat with them in local waters. The affection between father and son and the common bond of sportsmanship is such as I have rarely seen anywhere else, and there is no keener critic or more enthusiastic collector of his father's bird prints than this boy, now a grown man, who has been his father's inseparable companion on all his great sporting expeditions. And no less delightful is it to hear the father delighting in his son's skill with a gun and the frank admission that there was a time when he could "wipe his eye," but that time had passed.

A feature of the Benson family is the annual holiday which they all take together camping out, for fishing and shooting along the stretches of some of the good Canadian fishing rivers. For two or three months each year they take up a camp, and this year, as usual, go off to a stretch of river he has rented in upper Canada for the good salmon fishing that is available. I have tried to get him to make some good plates of salmon subjects and though he has made several attempts on copper, they have not as yet sufficiently pleased him to issue them.





"BOUND HOME."



"WILD GEESSE RESTING."



In conclusion, perhaps I might add that when I first came in touch with Mr. Benson his keenness and desire to have his work shown here were very real, and he felt a particular pleasure when he found it was so well received and that his dearest hope was realised not only at home but among a nation of sportsmen whom he greatly admires.

During the period of the war and before America entered into it, Benson's feelings were very keen and he spent many weeks

on Long Island at work upon camouflage, both in the matter of shipping and aeroplanes, and I am quite sure that when Mr. Benson comes to England he will find many people all of whom, after they have met him, will feel, as I have, that here indeed is a type of the true American sportsman who will appeal immensely to us all, no less as a painter and an etcher of birds than as a man.—A. C. DICKINS.

## GROUSE AND GROUSE-SHOOTING PROSPECTS

By TOM SPEEDY.

NO sooner is grouse shooting over for the season than many sportsmen instinctively turn their attention to the taking of a moor in the Highlands of Scotland for the following year. It is a duty beset with difficulty and no small amount of risk, yet the fact remains that despite 1919 being an exceptionally bad season for grouse, many of the best places were secured by Christmas for this year. By Easter there was hardly a good shooting that had not found a tenant, and enquiries for 1921 are already placed with some agents. Never in Scotland have shootings been so early and well let, and it is to be hoped that tenants will not be disappointed, though it is to be feared this may be problematical. There was certainly a very great shortage of grouse last year. A severe snowstorm, a foot in depth, on April 27th, which destroyed nests in many places, may have been the prime cause of the scarcity of birds experienced during the season. The increase of vermin was, no doubt to a large extent also responsible, as with gamekeepers absent for several years during the world war both birds and beasts of prey were allowed to harbour and breed without restraint. Heather nowadays being more closely burnt, practical people know that should a pair of hoodie crows nest and rear their young on or near a moor, when catering for them they hunt the ground with all the skill and sagacity of well trained pointers or setters. Thus are grouse nests denuded of eggs. After the young birds leave the nest, led by their parents, they hunt the live long-day. One can imagine the happy families of grouse enjoying the sunshine and tender shoots of heather—the sudden descent of these rapacious crows gifted with such keen powers of vision—the helpless terror of the parents, and the unavailing efforts of the little ones to escape as they are quickly gobbled up. It is surprising how any broods at all manage to avoid them. Hawks and foxes as well as the weasel tribe had halcyon days and increased amazingly. Complaints were numerous of the destruction of lambs by foxes, and keepers who returned had their work cut out for them during the recent spring. It is a grand illustration of what will happen if the game laws should ever be abolished and the balance of Nature again holds sway.

Grouse are a valuable asset to Scotland, bringing wealthy Englishmen and foreigners to spend their holidays in Highland shooting lodges. Fabulous rents are paid and much money circulated in the poorer districts of the country. In point of fact, but for the rents paid for the pleasure of the pursuit of *Lagopus scoticus*, many parishes would have very great difficulty in paying the heavy rates imposed. Grouse shooting has long been recognised as the very elixir of sport and unrivalled by any outdoor recreation in the world.

No one knows what may be in the womb of the future should a Labour or Socialist Government get into power, but I venture to affirm that so long as purple heather blooms on the everlasting hills, so long will there be grouse, and as long as these birds exist there will be people willing to pay for the privilege of shooting them. During the war, when labour was difficult to procure, privilege was given to farmers to burn heather up to the end of April. This order in many cases was shamefully abused. Seldom has there been finer weather for burning than was experienced in the latter part of March and the first ten days of April in 1918, yet a small moor in Peeblesshire, which could easily have been burnt weeks before, was not set alight till April 18th, when it was left to the wind "which bloweth where it listeth." In addition to some old heather, many acres of fine young heath of two or three years' growth, at its best for both sheep and game, were destroyed. I was asked to go over the moor and report on it, when I found fourteen nests that had been burnt over, eggs, from two to six, being cracked and broken by the fire. Farmers, having succeeded in getting to the end of April to burn the heather during the war, have held meetings with the view of petitioning for the date to become permanent. One of the speakers was reported to have said that farmers should have the game along with their farms and they should have the letting of it. At an earlier part of the conference the subject of damage caused to the crops by heather burning was discussed, and it was unanimously agreed to recommend that legislation should be passed fixing the closing date for heather burning at April 30th in each year, and that it should be under the control of the grazing tenant.

"The earliest Scotch statute about heather burning is one of Robert III, passed about 1400, and prohibits heather burning in the spring after the month of March. This was an Act, however, not passed in the interest of Muir-fowl—who were scarcely accounted of as much value as they are nowadays—

but to protect cultivated land which was not fenced off, or was probably dotted here and there about on the hillside, and would thus suffer from a wholesale conflagration." More recent legislation fixed the period of heather burning as April 11th, and from the fact of grouse eggs being found before that date it ought to be regarded as late enough.

Think of the cruelty involved in burning heather right up till the end of April! Thousands of grouse, wild ducks, plover, pheasants, curlews and woodcock, which are by then nesting largely on our heather hills and, as is well known, hatch early in April—not to speak of larks and numerous small birds—will have their abodes destroyed and many of their young roasted alive. Hares also, of which two litters are produced by the end of April, will share a similar fate by the devouring element. Roasting young creatures to death is too horrible to contemplate.

Grouse are found in many parts of the British Isles where ling and heather flourish, from the seashore to high altitudes. While grouse can live on heather alone, when at drives in England I have been surprised to see the number of birds, though heather was somewhat scarce. This shows how these birds can adapt themselves to the circumstances in which they are placed, feeding on what is found in the district. It is surprising the quantity of green food occasionally discovered in their crops—different kinds of weeds, grasses, and the leaves of dwarf willow, which grow in many parts. Fruits they are very fond of, especially crowberries, cranberries, cloudberry and others, which constitute both meat and drink for them. I have seen them sitting on a thorn tree picking the haws, and have found numerous rowan berries in their crops. As is well known, they are fond of grain, and resort to cornfields when these are in proximity to their haunts.

The staple food of grouse, however, is heather, and when burnt in rotation in order to have a good supply of three and four years' growth they thrive best. It has been proved by demonstration that by severe but judicious burning, and by driving the birds, they have increased in a remarkable manner, and in many cases bags have quadrupled. It has also been successfully proved that burning for sheep and grouse follows an identical plan. What is good for one is good for the other. How it is burnt makes all the difference. The observant naturalist is aware that in the nesting season fierce contests take place among grouse, and I have carefully studied the victor and the vanquished. The latter flies off, pursued by the former for some distance, when he flies back in triumph. After the hens are sitting the cock bird faithfully keeps on guard, and if another bird should be flushed and fly near he is immediately attacked and driven back to his own legitimate territory. It will thus be seen that as a rule each pair of grouse requires a considerable amount of ground, so that to burn large patches of heather in one area is not conducive to a good stock. It is therefore evident that burning in small patches, in order to have the entire moor kept as near as possible in rotation in the interest of farmers and sportsmen, is what should be done.

The management of heather, which constitutes the staple food of grouse, has in recent years and in most places been reduced to a science, and the modern method has immensely increased the stock of birds on our moors. The new system of severe but judicious burning has, as will be shown, been instrumental in making a vast improvement in both sheep and grouse. The old system of burning was what a shepherd could accomplish with a box of matches and aided by the winds of Heaven, but it is now generally condemned by those interested in both sheep and grouse. Needless to say, the danger to grouse of large stretches of burnt ground early became apparent. When the heath shoots make their appearance, the young broods when feeding would stray far out on the bare ground and away from the thick heather which constitutes their protection from hail and thunderstorms and vermin. Should a peregrine, merlin or sparrowhawk thus catch them unawares, they have no more chance of escape than a rat would have from a well bred terrier in an open field. Not only so, but a hailstorm often proves fatal to young birds when thus caught away from cover. During my long associations with Dalnaspidal, a high altitude in the north of Perthshire, I have more than once found many young birds which had perished on bare ground as the result of heavy hailstorms. On the other hand, when heather has been burnt in narrow strips or small patches, birds can manage to reach the covert on the approach of danger. When the heather has been burnt as described and got into proper rotation, it is much more simple to check the fire and prevent it "getting away." Under the other conditions these mishaps frequently occur, the fire sometimes spreading on to neighbouring property.

While systematic and thorough burning is essential, patches of old heather are not altogether to be despised. Sometimes in snowstorms it has been found to be advantageous to both sheep and grouse. I can remember being on the shores of Loch Earn during a snowstorm when the mountains were white with a deep coating of snow. The shoulder of a hill, however, exposed to the prevailing wind was pretty well cleared, and many hundreds of grouse congregated there to feed on heather which the keeper, in the display of great good sense, had left pretty rank.

A committee has recently been sitting in Edinburgh, taking evidence in regard to extending the time for heather burning. Doubtless conflicting opinions have been advanced as between farmers and game preservers, and it may be hoped that proprietors who farm their own moors in the interest of both sheep and grouse have been given an opportunity to relate their experiences. Gentlemen so situated are in a position to prove to demonstration that heather burning for whichever purpose practised should follow the same plan. I could give names of numerous gentlemen, but let one or two suffice. Sir Hugh Shaw Stewart, of Ardgowan, near Greenock, took special interest in his moor. Getting all old heather burned as quickly as he could till he got it into rotation, he afterwards kept a careful record of his stock, and found, among other things, that there had been a considerable wastage of wool. This had been brushed off by the old heather, and no less than a pound per fleece increase in weight resulted when the moor was properly burnt. The sheep sold off the moor increased in price from 14s. in 1910 to 22s. 6½d. in 1915, while his lambs realised the top price in Paisley market. His grouse bags went up by leaps and bounds, so that in seven years they were practically tripled. It is right to mention, however, that a good deal of surface drainage was done as well.

On Mr. Cowan's moors on the Pentlands, on which I have in recent years been associated with shooting parties, the same remarks apply. Mr. Cowan treats his moor, with the result that he has attained the best possible stock both of sheep and grouse. Beyond all question, the success or failure of a grouse moor depends on scientific burning, draining and destruction of vermin. Surface draining should certainly be done on wet land. If these gentlemen, out of many others who could be named, can keep their heather in proper rotation under the existing statute, surely others can do the same. The case does not appear to be made out for an extension. On back-lying places, where snow frequently lies till midsummer, the law should be altered to allow burning in October, since dry weather frequently prevails in that month.

The thunderstorms and almost daily heavy rains which fell in some districts in June and July were not conducive to sport on the Twelfth, especially where broods were late. As far as can be seen, however, grouse, which have been scarce for the last year or two, are getting up again, and where there was a breeding stock, fair sport may be anticipated. The drawback in many parts of Scotland was want of stock, and on these moors large bags need hardly be expected. In Ross-shire, especially the eastern part of the county, grouse nested early and hatched out well. In consequence of the extra fine weather in that district in June and July, they have thriven well and are now fit to be shot. They are in fair numbers, though not, of course, up to good years in the past. Wild pheasants and partridges have also done well, and stags are forward and fit to shoot now, as far as venison is concerned.

It is feared great sport is not to be expected in Sutherland. In Strathnaver grouse have done well. There are some splendid coveys, but there was not a third of a stock on the ground. It will have to be shot very lightly in order to let a normal breeding stock get up. Much vermin has been killed, which will tend to protect what birds are on the ground. Deer are in very forward condition and promise well. On a shooting near the County march with Caithness the tenant has parted with dogs, "there being practically no grouse to shoot."

In Forfarshire the prospects are bright, and especially in the catchment-basin drained by the North Esk. Three to four thousand brace of grouse will no doubt be bagged on several of these magnificent moors. In the Kirriemuir district good sport on the hills will be got. Wild pheasants and partridges hatched well, but it is feared that many late broods will be decimated by the heavy rains. Nice coveys of early birds are seen, but few chicks in late ones.

In some districts of Perthshire a good many barren pairs of grouse are seen and the coveys are irregular, some with very strong birds and some with very small ones. No dead birds are seen, and all look healthy. On the high ground in the north of the county, and down through Inverness-shire, grouse are improving. As is well known, stock has been down for some years, but is getting up again, and fair sport is expected. Birds are strong and average seven young ones. The stock, as has been said, has been very low in all that district and will take another year with judicious shooting to approach good seasons in the past.

In Argyllshire the last two years were bad ones and stock is very low. Grouse will require to be nursed and very judiciously shot for a year or two. Where near the coast, much damage is done by hoodie-crows and black-backed gulls. With the sunless and wet summer there will be a poor bloom on the heather unless there is a change soon, and that is not conducive to healthy grouse. From Mull, an intelligent keeper writes: "I am sorry to state that grouse are very scarce; in fact, this will be about the worst season I have experienced on the West Coast."

On the Lammermoors in East Lothian grouse are fair. Lots of coveys, but not very big ones and very irregular in size. The heavy rains have done much harm to partridges. There are many very small broods.

In Ayrshire, Kirkcudbrightshire and Wigtonshire prospects are not too rosy. A keeper on a large estate writes: "Our grouse are not looking well and very few of them. All the other places about here are the same."

In Peeblesshire, Selkirkshire and Dumfriesshire grouse are looking better than they have done for the last few years, but the stock is low and big bags are not expected. The coveys are not large, averaging about six. Blackgame are in fair numbers. Partridges hatched off well, but thunderstorms did much damage. Pairs without chicks are now frequently seen. The latest report from Roxburghshire is: "Grouse are looking wonderfully well, but pheasants and partridges terribly drowned out." On the Pentlands in Midlothian good sport is expected. Reports from Aberdeenshire are also good.

From Stirlingshire it is reported "the grouse are looking very well, and some of them are strong on the wing. If this wet weather continues it is feared dogs will be of little use. Wild pheasants were very good, but the recent heavy rains have thinned the coveys very much; in fact, many hens are now seen without chicks, and the same remark applies to partridges."

## THE RED GROUSE OF YORKSHIRE

BY R. FORTUNE, F.Z.S.

**T**HAT the red grouse reaches his highest point of perfection in the county a Yorkshireman has few doubts. Rightly or wrongly, a Yorkshire bird is always considered, by him, to be larger in size and finer in plumage than those of Scotland or any English county; certainly he is more abundant and more widely distributed there than in any other county.

The red grouse is truly a British bird, but the Hun, with his capacity for grasping at all the good things of this world, not content with robbing our rivers of the baby eels, cast envious eyes upon our bonny red bird. Legally or illegally, a number were procured and introduced into Germany, where, it must be confessed, they have prospered and multiplied; they have also more or less successfully been introduced into Belgium and Sweden.

Typically British, we also consider him typically Yorkshire in character. An inhabitant of practically all our moorlands, he possesses the best Yorkshire characteristics, bluff, vigorous, unfettered and unpampered, a lover of freedom and wild spaces, where he flourishes and is seen to perfection. That he can stand rough blows I had a remarkable demonstration last year. I was motoring over a moorland, travelling at a good speed, when a covey of grouse suddenly rose from the side of the road and flew in a slanting forward direction in front of the

car. Two were caught by the bonnet and hurled on to the other side. Quite certain they were killed, I stopped and went back to look for them, but not a trace could I find; evidently, as soon as they came to ground, they had taken to their legs and cleared off in great haste.

It is impossible to say when they became inhabitants of the moors of the county. The first mention we have of them is in the account books of Skipton Castle, where they figure in the years 1604 to 1639. The first scientific mention is in Willughby's "Ornithology," 1678. "Red Game called in some places Gorcock and Moorcock." These names are still used in some parts of the county.

The shooting season of 1920 promises to be a fairly good one; nesting commenced at the normal time, the birds hatched out well and there is no disease, so that on the whole a good season may be anticipated. Last year the cold, inclement spring caused the birds on many moors to be very, very late in commencing nesting operations, and the first broods were quite three weeks late in hatching out. Vast moorland fires, too, played havoc on some of the moors.

Severe frosts do not appear to affect the eggs of grouse on the high moors in the same manner as they do those of pheasants in the lower country. This year a great number of wild pheasants' eggs have been rendered infertile by the frost, which does not



appear to have done any harm to the grouse eggs; indeed, it is seldom, I think, that frost has any bad influence on the latter. Two circumstances help in their protection: firstly, the protective wall of heather with which the nest is usually surrounded; secondly, the habit many birds have of carefully covering the eggs during their absence. Cold in itself does not trouble grouse, but a period of cold, wet weather, especially when the wind is in the east or north-east, does a lot of damage, among the newly hatched birds especially.

In Yorkshire grouse begin to pair as early as January and commence to nest in April, the broods hatching off towards the end of May, the period of incubation being rather over three weeks. The food of the adult birds is mostly the tender shoots of heather and ling; they are also very fond of berries and fruits generally, also grain when they can procure it. I have frequently seen the stooks in an oat field bordering a moor literally, to use an Irishism, black with red grouse. In a bad season many of the stooks are out all the time, and when covered with snow the birds are very conspicuous perched on them. I am afraid many a small moorland farmer is tempted to recompense himself somewhat for the loss of the corn at the expense of the birds. The food of the young consists mostly of insects and caterpillars.

Grouse keep together in family parties until severe weather sets in, or when they have been much driven or shot, when the family parties come together in large packs. As a matter of fact, this packing is not always influenced by the above causes, for on our moors we frequently find the birds packed on the opening day of the season. Practically there is no shooting over dogs in Yorkshire nowadays. I remember being one of a party of eight guns on the opening day on a large moor; unfortunately I was nearly blind with a headache, which made shooting impossible for me. I therefore went into an outside butt from which it was anticipated there would not be much shooting, but, with the usual contrariness of fate, nearly all the birds of the first drive came over me. One pack, even at this early date, must have numbered three or four hundred birds. This particular year was an exceedingly good one and it was almost impossible to find customers for the birds when shot, there was such a glut in the market; later on in the season, if my memory serves me correctly, not more than 1s. 6d. per brace was obtained for them. In that season a Richmond (Yorkshire) game dealer handled over 17,000 birds, many being sold as low as 2s. per brace.

Grouse can hardly be called migratory, nevertheless, at times, partial compulsory migrations do take place; wild, tempestuous weather will drive the birds from the high to the lower moors, some of which, under these conditions, suddenly become stocked with thousands of stranger birds. A severe winter, when a heavy fall of snow, commencing at once to thaw, is followed immediately by a keen frost, causing the crust of the snow to be frozen solid, drives them from the moors entirely, when they are found in all sorts of unusual places. The years 1886 and 1895 provided two such winters when grouse were found miles away from any moor. In the streets of Harrogate birds were to be seen feeding upon the horse droppings. At these times they feed upon the hawthorn or any other berries or fruits they can find, upon turnip leaves and other vegetation and upon grain they may be able to find on the stubbles. In 1917 there was a small invasion into the outskirts of Harrogate, some birds even coming into the town. One bird was observed perched in a tree, and despite the efforts of some small boys to dislodge him by the aid of stones he held on to his position, only taking his departure when a soldier swarmed up the tree, thinking to effect his capture.

These migrations, partial or otherwise, do not, I imagine, cause any ill effects to be apparent on the moors during the following season. Weaklings are killed off, to the benefit of the moors, and although the majority of birds find their way back, there must be to some extent a mixing of blood, which, of course, is all to the benefit of the stock. If the snow remains in a soft condition, the birds do not experience so much difficulty in obtaining their food.

Although the Yorkshireman generally is essentially a sportsman, it must be confessed that some of the moorland farmers do not exhibit much of that trait. Some with holdings in the centre or on the borders of prolific moors obtain a lot of birds in an illegitimate manner. In Dentsdale considerable numbers of birds are, or were, captured in long stretches of high nets and sold alive, realising big prices. The mortality among these captives must be very high, especially on a long journey. I know that many birds have been sent to Germany from this district.

Grouse, contrary to the general belief, take well to domesticity and will even breed and rear their young in captivity. It seems unnatural to take this bird of the wide open moors and confine him to the narrow dimensions of an enclosure like a poultry run. The cock grouse, especially in the breeding season, is very pugnacious and will, at times, attack human beings. I was once attacked in a most persistent manner, and when I published a report of the occurrence in the *Naturalist*, I received several letters from correspondents who had had similar experiences. One keeper said he had a nest close to his house, by the side of a path over which people were in the habit of passing. The hen was incubating, but the cock, keeping near by, attacked every person or animal who came near his homestead. This is

very interesting, for the cock does not take any part in incubation, although he helps with the chicks after they are hatched.

While grouse prefer to nest well sheltered among the heather, I have of late years seen quite a number of nests among dead bracken, and even on quite open ground, where to a keen eye the sitting bird was very conspicuous. Heather is gradually disappearing from many of our moors, its place being taken by coarse, rough grasses; unless something is done to prevent it, these grasses will eventually take the place of heather. I fancy the cause of its disappearance is that when burnt the fire has gone too far down and destroyed the roots. I am sure fresh vigorous patches of heather could be established by carefully introducing young plants from other areas.

Young grouse when squatting perfectly still are very inconspicuous; their plumage harmonises extremely well with their surroundings, an excellent example of protective coloration. The young have many enemies. One bird has a very bad character as an enemy of young grouse, which is quite undeserved.



CROWING.

This is the merlin, which, contrary to law, for the supposed harm it does, is regularly destroyed on most Yorkshire moors. I have been in a hide in front of merlins' nests for hours on our moors, and have friends who have also spent considerable time in the same manner, photographing the home life of the birds, and in not one single instance has a young grouse been brought in as food for the young, and careful investigation of numerous "castings" has not revealed any remains.

Large bags are obtained on the Yorkshire moors, even on the ones not well known. Among many well known notable bags are 2,616 brace to eight guns at Highforce from August 13th

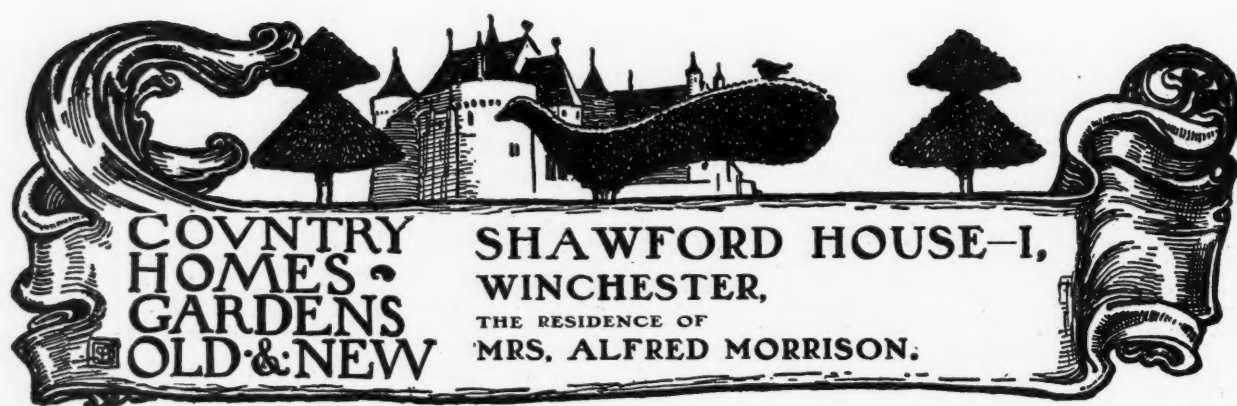


A FINE YORKSHIRE GROUSE.

to August 17th, 1886. The Wemmergill Moor to six guns in six days in 1904 yielded 3,983½ brace, and during this season 17,074 birds were shot. Among the big bags obtained on the Broomhead Moors, are 1,313 brace to eleven guns on September 6th, 1872; 1,374 brace to nine guns on August 24th, 1904; and on another day in the same year 1,040 brace to seven guns.

Notable individual scores have been made by Sir Frederick Milbank, who, on August 20th, 1872, shot ninety-six birds in a drive lasting twenty-three minutes. During this day he made a total bag of 728 birds. A granite monument has been erected on the moor to commemorate the feat. Lord de Grey obtained 578 birds to his own gun on Dallowgill Moor, while Lord Walsingham's exploits on Blubberhouse Moor are well known, his bag of 842 birds obtained by him on August 28th, 1872, being completely eclipsed by his one of 1,070 obtained on August 30th, 1888. This latter must surely, for a long time, constitute a record.





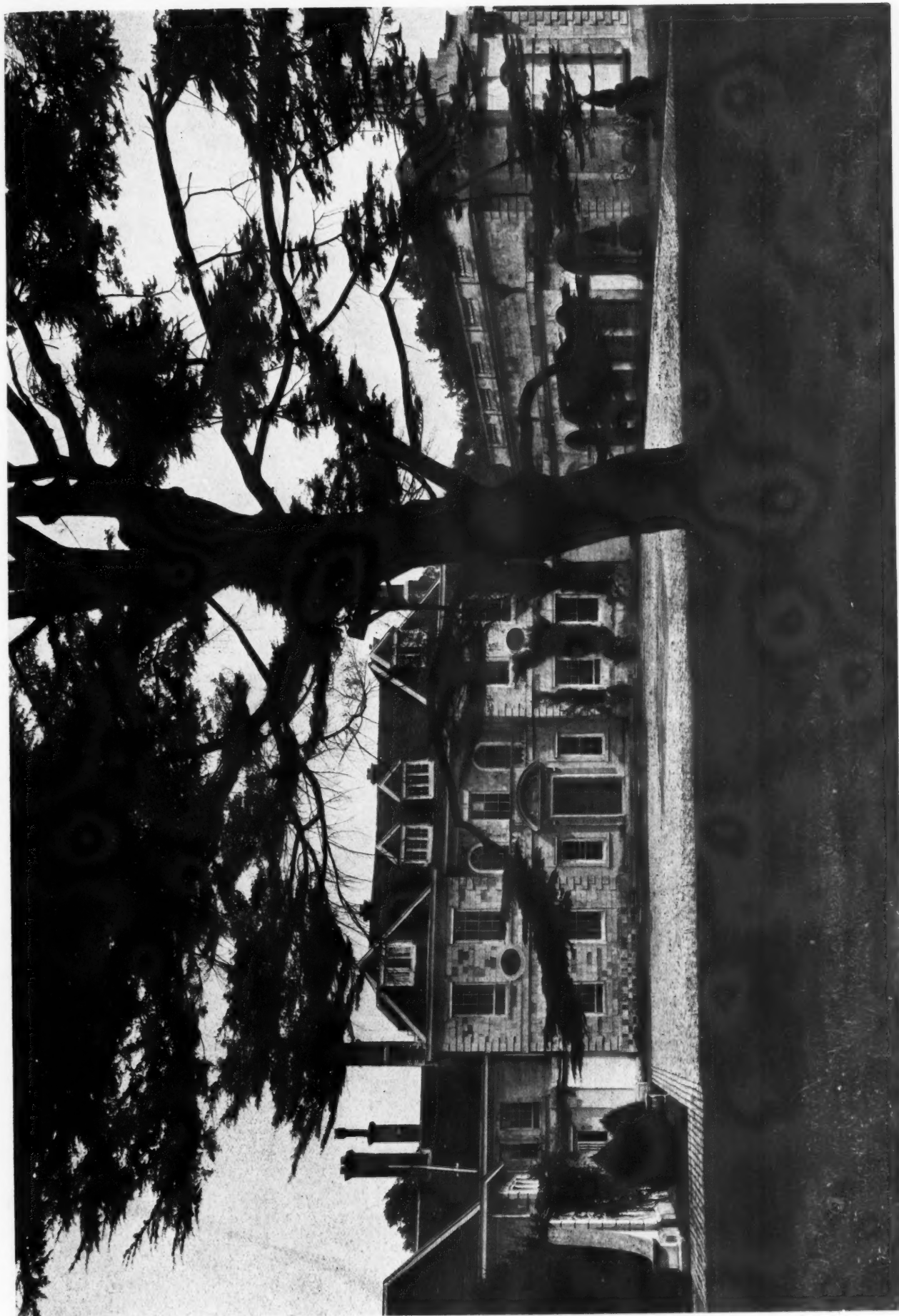
**T**HIS charming example of a moderate sized Charles II house bears a remarkable likeness in many respects to Lainston House, illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of March 8th, 1919, which lies about the same distance of three miles from Winchester on the north side of the city; they both were built about the same time and are much of a size, with the same aspect and arrangement of a main square building with projecting wings and hipped gables; and the space between the wings has in each case been filled in at a later date, one storey high, in order to improve the entrance hall. Both houses have the office buildings and a lower wing on the north side, and the general proportions and arrangement of windows are almost identical. The plans of the two houses, also, must have been very similar originally, each with a square dining-room in the middle opposite the front door, facing east and opening on to the garden terrace, a long drawing-room on the south side with windows at either end and along the south front, and with smaller rooms back and front on the north side.

In other respects, however, they are very different, for whereas Lainston stands high and dry up on the downs to the north of the town overlooking miles of country, Shawford Place

lies to the south right in the middle of the beautiful Itchen Valley, with streams of clear water on either side of its lands and with one even beneath the house, conducted there, no doubt, on purpose to serve as a drain. In the same way the early Bishops of Winchester drained the low-lying parts of the town (which still have the names of Upper, Middle and Lower Brooks and Colebrook Street) and the monastic buildings on the south side of the Cathedral, and William of Wykeham his College buildings, with a network of running water in stone-lined channels.

Another difference between the houses is that while Lainston is built of brick, Shawford House has the unusual distinction in a stoneless district of being faced almost entirely with stone, as will be seen in the views of the entrance front (Figs. 1 and 2). A curious feature here is the stone-framed oval recesses resting on the string-course, which appear again on the garden front (Fig. 4); they could not have been required for light, and are the wrong way about for statuary in the shape of busts, and are difficult to explain; they have now been filled in with wrought-iron grilles bearing the national emblems. In Fig. 2 the old house is seen in the centre practically as built, with the subsidiary buildings on the left and the new saloon on the right, added





2.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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3.—THE HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, SHOWING THE NEW "GREAT ROOM."

"C.L."

by Mrs. Alfred Morrison to balance the opposite wing and to supply the need of one room of decided size, being 53ft. long inside by 22ft. wide, with an arcaded loggia along the forecourt side. The wide forecourt, which is paved with granite street setts from Aberdeen and takes the place of the former gravelled carriage sweep, adds enormously to the appearance of the house.

In Fig. 7 we have a view down the loggia as seen through the doors of the ante-room connecting this new wing with the old part of the house; the vaulting between the stone arches is done in small purple bricks, the paving is a copy of the churchyard path leading up to the north porch of Christchurch Priory near Bournemouth, and the general effect is like some old Dutch picture with architecture, as might be by Pieter van Hoogh. At the time the photographs were taken it was not possible to obtain a view of the interior, the saloon having been lent to the local Red Cross workers, while the first panelling had been taken down and the new painted wall decoration had not been finished. The fine mantelpiece with caryatid figures which appear to have held torches or hanging lamps originally came from an old London house pulled down in Pulteney Street and goes admirably with the scale of the room, the mantelshelf being 7ft. 6ins. high, the figures life-size and the width over 10ft. The mantelpiece in the library is a beautiful example of

English marblework, while the French carved limewood above (Fig. 8) harmonises well with it both in delicacy of work and period. This sunny room was constructed out of the old drawing-room, with recessed bookcases, pilasters and cornice of oak and the top end partly divided off by an oak-pillared screen where it forms a passageway to the new drawing-room. The small picture hanging on the pilaster behind the armchair has a melancholy interest, being a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots by the French artist Clouet, to whom she sent written instructions to paint two copies for faithful friends when she saw her end coming near.

Fig. 9 shows the oak-panelled garden hall, formerly the dining-room, with the entrance hall seen through the new archway, and Fig. 10 the same room looking the other way to the doors opening on to the terrace.

Fig. 11 is the morning room, Mrs. Morrison's sitting-room, with admirable modern wall panelling, door-frame and chimney-piece done in lime-washed deal instead of the usual oak, deal having been used for this purpose when first introduced, before it had come to be considered common and unclean and only to be endured under a coat of paint, and it is surprising what a charm and distinction it gives to this room.

The sunk garden shown in Fig. 4 is a curious example of divination or instinct for the right thing in the right place;



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4.—THE GARDEN FRONT FROM THE SUNK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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5.—THE RIVER END OF THE WALLED GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



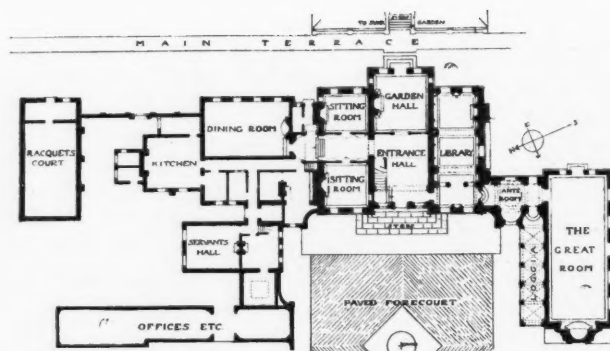
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6.—RIVERSIDE GARDEN AND DAIRY BUILDINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it was all level lawn when decided upon, with no signs of ever having been anything else, but when digging had been begun the lines of an old filled-in sunk garden were found and in the centre an octagonal fountain basin, or possibly a cockpit, with its moulded brick parapet complete in places and traces of the paved paths, so that they were able to restore the whole thing to its original condition. It has been finished since the photograph was taken, and planted as a topiary garden. Two other garden views are given, showing the charming grass walk by the side of the river and the long border of herbaceous plants which screens off the walled gardens lying away to the east of the house, Fig. 5 looking down-stream and Fig. 6 up the river towards Winchester with the dairy buildings in the background.

In this district, which for miles is either chalk, sand, gravel or clay, stone was imported in mediæval times from the Isle of Wight, Portland and the coast of France for the more important buildings, and was brought to Winchester in barges up the river Itchen, which has shrunk considerably since even those comparatively recent times; and when stonework is found in houses of a later date, after brick had become the usual building material, it generally indicates the walling of some older building, probably ecclesiastical, that has been pulled down. This, no doubt, is the reason why local tradition vaguely has it that there was once a monastery or nunnery at Shawford; but, though it is a likely site and the original buildings must have been of considerable age and extent, judging from the amount of stone they yielded and the outlying foundations which can still be traced when the grass has been scorched in dry weather, they merely consisted of an old manor house with its surrounding farm buildings, so far as can be ascertained. The neighbouring manor of Marwell, however, which went with the manor of



PLAN OF THE GROUND FLOOR.

Shawford (or, rather, Twyford, as it is generally called, from being in that parish), was a small monastic establishment and one of the lesser houses of the Bishops of Winchester; and, as there is now very little left of it, some of the stones for the rebuilding of Shawford House may very likely have come from here, being only four or five miles away, with any mouldings worked upon them built face inwards into the walls, and the discovery of a fourteenth century base of a pillar rather points to this conclusion. Thomas Moody in his "Sketches of Hampshire," published in 1846, says this about it:

At a very early period the Bishops of Winchester had a residence at Lower Marwell where Henry de Bolis founded a collegiate church for four priests with a stipend of 60/- a year each and 20/- a year for the lights and ornaments of the Church to arise out of the rents of the Episcopal Manor. Some remains of the palace and chapel are still to be seen, but they are evidently of a far later date than the 12th century.

Upon the deprivation of Bishop Gardiner in the reign of Edward VI, Dr. John Poynt was appointed his successor on condition of his resigning to his infant sovereign, or rather his greedy courtiers, several of the Episcopal residences and manors, amongst which were Marwell and the manor of Twyford, which were conferred on Sir Henry Seymour, a relative of the then powerful Duke of Somerset.

Owslebury, the parish church of Marwell, is said to have been the last church in the Kingdom in which the Catholic Mass was celebrated after the Reformation. After the Act was passed directing the use of the Book of Common Prayer in lieu of the ancient mass the incumbent persisted in the use of the latter, until Sir Henry Seymour with a number of his domestics pulled the priest from the altar, cruelly maltreated him and then murdered him. [What happened afterwards to Sir Henry Seymour and his domestics Mr. Moody does not say.] Marwell Hall was the residence of the Seymours and after them of the Dacre family.

Twyford derived its name from the circumstance of there being here 2 fords over the river. It is mentioned in Domesday







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8.—THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

book as belonging to the Bishop of Winchester, containing one church and 4 mills and being worth £15.

The two manors were bought from the family of Seymour in 1623, when Alderman Haliday of London and Stoke Newington,

father of Sir Henry Mildmay's wife, left £14,000 to be expended on the purchase of lands within one hundred miles of London for the benefit of his daughter, Dame Anne Mildmay, and her heirs, with a clause in his will (providential, as it turned



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9.—THE GARDEN HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The entrance hall is seen through the archway.



Copyright.

10.—THE GARDEN HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

out) that the property is to belong to her and that Sir Henry is to have no hold over it, though no want of affection to the said Sir Henry is to be understood thereby. Alderman Haliday lies buried in St. Lawrence Jewry Church in the City, where he has a fine wall monument with a white marble bust of himself between two charming heads, one of his wife who became Lady Warwick on her second marriage and the other of his daughter Anne, Lady Mildmay, "he being a worthy Magistrat of this City who for his Piety,

Charity and Prudence deserves immortall Fame," as his epitaph ends.

The Mildmays trace back their descent to very early times, and a Mildmay knight was in charge on that celebrated occasion when King John's baggage was lost in The Wash; but it was not until the sixteenth century that the family became prominent, when Sir Walter Mildmay (the founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and great-grandfather of Sir Henry) became Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth, and his son,

Sir Antony Mildmay, Ambassador to the Court of France under Henri IV in 1596.

With regard to the first Mildmay of Shawford House, Colonel Herbert St. John-Mildmay says, in his interesting "Memoir of the Mildmay Family" (to which the writer is greatly indebted), that Sir Henry was a man about town, much in society and not over-strict in his behaviour, as may be gathered from a picture of him on a pack of political playing cards of the period; and Clarendon says "he was a great flatterer of all persons in authority." A favourite of both James and Charles I, he was appointed Master of the Jewel Office in 1609, as a very young man, with a residence in Whitehall. From entries in the Domestic State Papers, one of his chief duties



11.—THE MORNING ROOM.



appears to have been to find money for the King by pawning or selling plate and jewels, of which there was such an amazing store that Sir Henry was allowed the use of it privately, and others had the same privilege; and, besides the selling, it was also freely given away.

James I, who seems to have had a fondness for match-making, interested himself in finding a wife for his favourite, and Sir Gerald St. John-Mildmay of Dogmersfield Park, near Winchester, has a most interesting autograph letter from the King to Alderman Haliday, reinforced with a postscript, which runs:

James Rex.

Trusty and well beloved we greet you well. We understand that Sir Henry Milday our servant is a suitor to your daughter, who, for his person and other external parts, may appear to you worthy of the match with any gentlewoman of good quality—As for our opinion of him it may be seen by this that we have preferred him from a place of ordinary attendance about our person, to a place of great charge and trust, which we never before bestowed on a man of his years; therefore we can but wish him all advancement of his fortunes, and particularly in that match with your daughter, whereunto, if ye shall give it your best furtherance, you shall not only give us good cause of acknowledging your respect unto us herein, but as we have been and will be a Father unto him so will we be to your daughter.

Given at our Court of Theobalds, fourth day, Oct 1618.

P.S. If ye knew how far your conformity to our pleasure in this will be acceptable unto us and profitable to yourselves ye would be willing to perform it than we to desire it of you, for ye may be sure that however this may succeed, we will prefer him to a better place than he yet hath.

After this it would hardly have been possible for the worthy Alderman to have said no, however much he may have wanted to, and the wedding duly took place at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, on April 6th, 1619.

In spite of all these favours, Sir Henry, being a member of the Long Parliament, took part against the King when matters came to a crisis. His brother Anthony, also a member of the Court of James and Charles I, was one of King Charles's attendants during his detention at Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight, and he, too, seems to have turned against his Royal master, for he writes to Sir Henry from "Carrisbrooke 27 Feb 1647" a letter full of anxieties, saying "he is the most perfidious man that ever lived and if ever he gets power again, he will make no more difficulty to hang you than I will to eat my dinner this cold day." So far did Sir Henry's partisanship appear to carry him that he became one of the judges at the King's trial. He only attended eight out of the twenty-two sittings and did not sign the death warrant, and it is only charitable to think that he may have allowed himself to be nominated with some hope in his mind of being able to influence the sentence.

But, however this may be, at the Restoration he was caught by Lord Winchelsea at Rye trying to escape over to France, and was summoned to the Bar of the House of Commons; he was condemned to forfeit his estates, to be degraded from all his titles of honour and gentility, to be drawn annually on the date of the King's execution from the Tower to Tyburn, and to be banished the Kingdom. He died in exile at Antwerp, and of all his great estates only those which his wife had inherited from her father, Alderman Haliday, and the Marwell and Twyford Manors remained to his family. G. H. KITCHIN.

## THE CURLEW AT NESTING TIME

THERE is a fellside in the North of England where I used to think the curlew was, in his own estimation, lord of the manor during the beautiful months of summer. The said manor, from a human point of view, was rather a poor inheritance. It lay between two famous trouting streams. In days when the writer fished there the supply seemed to be endless, and yet there were times when out of a whim or for the sake of change one walked across the fell from one sparkling

stream to another that was equally sparkling but rougher. The latter was the more famous for the number of trout it contained, but they were not so large as in the sister rivulet. Just at the time when fishing commenced the curlew made its appearance on the hills. Often one knew it was there from its voice. It was invisible. During winter the cry merited the description in the old song, "Kate Da'rymple." It was eerie, but there was a time when March was blowing its last prelude



Arthur Brook.

ON THE NEST.

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and April was coming in when it softened and became quite different. The birds at that season addressed one another in a low love language that was exquisite to hear. Once this sign was given, it was not long before the nest was built, and in a few days after that the cock bird would station himself on a high point of the moor and keep a most vigilant watch for any newcomer the while that his mate brooded the eggs in the hope and knowledge that their offspring would appear in due time. On a stranger approaching the low depression in which the nest was but half concealed among the grass and heather the

cock bird would at once sound its note of alarm, and if you knew where to watch for the nest you would see the female cunningly and softly emerging from her seat, run for a little distance and then spring into the air, after which she and the cock would set up such a tumult of noise as was not at any other time heard in that quiet retreat. No one who had only heard the rather mournful cry made by the creatures when they navigate the air at night-time, or their courtship language, would believe that they could give utterance to such prolonged clamouring as they kept up when one was trudging slowly

*Arthur Brook.*

SETTLING DOWN UPON THE EGGS.

*Copyright.*





Arthur Brook.

WITH EGGS AND NEST.

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across the mountain path to the next river. They kept to the hills till late in the summer, their hour of departure coinciding with the arrival of a shooting party. When the guns were stationed at their butts and the beaters were driving the grouse to them until little bird parties of four or five at first and then in clouds began to fly over them, and the noise of the guns began to resound, then the curlews, father and mother and offspring—now as big as they were—swiftly and quietly made an exodus from the country and flew almost in a direct line to the seashore, ten or twelve miles off. There they abode during the winter-time among other shore birds. But they were the most cunning

and wary of the flock. The curlew appears to be aware of the couplet which shows how much he was prized for the pot :

A curlew be she white, be she black  
She carries twelve pence on her back.

It is curious that in the "Northumbrian Household Book" of 1512 this was the price paid for "kyrlewes." Other game, much more expensive now, brought a small price in comparison—woodcock a penny, mallards and partridges twopence, and so on. The value of the curlew probably gives the clue to its wary habits. It was assiduously sought by the shore shooter and thereby became the most wary of his victims.

## GAME SHOOTING UNDER THE NEW CONDITIONS

BY ARTHUR W. BLYTH.

[The author of this article was a member of Lord Lambourne's Committee on Game, which later became the Rabbits, Venison and Game Committee. He has had a life-long intimacy with all that appertains to the rearing and preservation of game, backed by a long shooting experience, including every corner of the kingdom. His views on the future of shooting are, therefore, of peculiar interest.—Ed.]

**B**EFORE commencing to deal with the subject of this article I should like to be allowed to pay my tribute to Lord Lambourne, Chairman of the Game Committee, for to him the thanks of all sportsmen are due for having saved the Game Laws of England from the destruction which threatened them during the war. The way he worked and the tact he displayed in dealing with labour and other representatives of a hungry people place all sportsmen under a debt of obligation to our chairman. He met all the just wishes of those clamouring for food, he obtained for the markets the largest sum total which our fields, parks, coverts, and moors were capable of yielding; by his personality he attracted the whole-hearted collaboration of every owner of shooting; yet, while doing all this he conserved the laws which stand between our sport-giving game birds and their virtual extermination. The fabric remains intact; it is for the future to decide whether the best use shall be made of it.

True, the big [days] are gone. I have had my full share of them, but of regret at their disappearance I entertain very little. There is more joy in pottering around with a gun, doing odd drives with the help of a few beaters, than ever there was in participating in those splendid occasions. Pottering at its best cannot be indulged in without paying very close attention to the details of preparation. Some things can be obtained in perfection by simply ordering the goods, but high quality shooting needs a something which is beyond the mere command of a full purse. In fact, I do not put the full purse as a necessity at all. The keen shooting man must be, and cannot help being, his own managing director. Shooting can, in fact, only be super-excellent where the master fills the leading rôle. When we see a perfectly managed house we know that the mistress plays an active part. A garden which delights by its every detail is inspired by one who labours for the love of the thing. In shooting, a good keeper is a treasure, but the best of them finds something lacking if the master is not available to take his full share of the higher direction. As I sit down I have here before me at this very desk a letter just received from a friend which points the moral of these remarks. Writing under date June 27th he says: "You will be interested to hear that I have just returned from a scamper round the old place. Following are the results to date:

A.	84	nests,	1,221	partridges	hatched.
B.	84	"	1,162	"	"
C.	68	"	968	"	"
D.	41	"	597	"	"
E.	27	"	398	"	"

TOTAL 304 nests, 4,346 partridges hatched.

Averaging 14½ birds per nest; 21 nests still to hatch. The acreage, as you know, is just 4,000. As regards pheasants, out of 125 nests, 1,181 chicks were hatched."

This is how I like to see a man interest himself in his shooting. Keepers labour unceasingly for such a master. His appreciation of their efforts to locate every nest, to record its contents, to protect the exposed ones, and so on and so forth, is not postponed till the day of shooting. It is evinced on the occasion of constant visits, which are, above all else, helpful to the keeping staff because they bring contact with a master mind. Keepers, I admit, do wonders considering their position in life and their limited opportunities for seeing how things are done elsewhere, but they can only attain the best results when they have the ear of the managing director, one to whom they can refer their doubts and from whom they can obtain decisions inspired by a

wider knowledge of affairs than they themselves possess. The master must be there to define the ideal to be aimed at. From early boyhood my greatest pleasure was to interest myself in the working of the Elmdon estate, a fine tract of land where Herts, Essex and Cambridgeshire come into contact. To study the habits of game, to take a hand in decimating its enemies was the principal occupation of my holidays. The taste has remained with me through the years when sport has of necessity become a relaxation rather than the principal interest of life. My interest does not cease during the close time; if anything it becomes keener. Even to-day I honestly believe I get more fun out of the nesting season than out of the shooting.

Farmers have always been my close friends; much of the shooting which has been under my direction has been rented from them. I have worked with them, studied their wishes, and have always succeeded in making them realise that well managed shooting puts the final polish on the condition of their land. That farmers have become owners of much of the best shooting land in the country will, of course, make a great difference to many people, including the farmer. The latter has my sincerest sympathy, for he will suffer in many ways from the land-owner having found himself unable to face the double burden of maintaining a prosperous countryside and of paying tax on a scale which assumes that his income is as much his own to spend as that, say, of the investor in securities. The farmer has been forced to raise a large part of the cost of purchase from the banks, which are in essence the new proprietors. When it is a question of repairs or extensions to farm buildings, to say nothing of more serious capital charges—well, I must not go too deeply into these matters, but if I were a farmer I should say: "Give me back the old landlord." Many yeoman farmers will doubtless retain the shooting in their own hands. Others will be disposed to let; and as the unit areas will be smaller than the former estates, the sport available must be

organised on more modest and less formal lines. Shooting will alter in character, but it need not be less enjoyable. That it will be popularised by the new conditions of working I have no doubt whatsoever. Those who have managed shooting estates in the past will know how to adapt their methods to the new conditions, but those who are novices at the game must buy their experience.

Perhaps the greatest mistake of all will arise out of the tendency to treat game in the old legal sense of *ferre nature*. In my opinion unkept ground is not worth shooting over. Better, I say, a thousand acres well looked after than 10,000 acres abandoned to the law of survival of the fittest. If anyone could take an actual census of the damage done to game by one litter of stoats, or a colony of rats, or a couple of pairs of magpies, what I mean would be abundantly clear. In all my years of study I have never been able to understand how game of any sort manages to survive at all on land where the above and other vermin are allowed to multiply unchecked and spread over adjoining areas. The farmer who lets his shooting will certainly be ill advised if he allows it to pass into the hands of a tenant who fails in his chief obligation.

During the war large areas were deprived of the attention of keepers, who, as a class, responded nobly to the call of patriotism. Then, for the first time, the full value of keepers' services was appreciated. Untold damage was done to wheat ricks in the time of greatest scarcity. Poultry, which were reduced in many places to little more than a breeding stock, were ravaged by hawks, rats, stoats and weasels, which became



LORD LAMBOURNE.



bolder and bolder under the pressure of increasing numbers. Rabbits, fortunately, were kept in check owing to their food value. Otherwise—well, words fail me. In merely policing the land the keeper performs valuable service by preventing inconsiderate trampling among the standing crops and breaking down fences. As a rat exterminator his services are, perhaps, most valuable from the farmer's standpoint. His methods alone are efficient, for he deals with them in the hedgerows, where, if left alone, they breed unchecked, to migrate in autumn to the stacks and farm buildings.

By all means, I say, let shooting be popularised, but, whether from the point of view of the shooting tenant or the farmer, it is most vital that the processes of regulating nature, as perfected under the landowner system, should be retained under the new conditions. If they are not, the nation's cheapest source of food supply will be diminished to a very serious extent. Even during the war pheasants were half the price of chickens, and there were many who found in this unaccustomed luxury relief from the scarcity of other meat foods.

There will be a lot of 1,000-acre farms in East Anglia which can be taken in single, self-contained shooting tenancies. Wisely managed, these should supply bountiful sport of the new order—pottering about, if you like, but pottering with a fine result, whether tested by the enjoyment provided or the contributions made to the larder. In Surrey and similar counties, where farms vary from 50 acres to 200 acres, a number will have to be hired, and if the difficulty of securing the necessary compact area at a fair price can be overcome, there is no reason why satisfactory results should not be obtained. If people could only realise the wonderful bags which are obtainable from properly cultivated and correctly kept land they would cease to bewail the loss of big estates. Suitable areas require finding out and bringing under the system of control which has hitherto been mainly applied to ring-fence estates.

Last autumn I enjoyed five weeks' shooting in the Lowlands of Scotland. We, my host and myself, certainly had 35,000 acres to shoot over, and this gave us different ground to work for most of the time. The arrangements were not costly. Three keepers, the same number of beaters, and a couple of motor cars in attendance. A snipe bog would first be visited and its contents

placed under contribution. Then a rush to blackcock ground, where, glasses in hand, we would spy out these very wary birds, for you must remember the month was October. The ground would be surveyed, tactics discussed, the guns placed, and the beaters would make their circle, the result being one way or the other according to our luck or judgment. Pheasant coverts and partridge grounds were visited in turn; in fact, seldom a day passed without all four species figuring in the bag, while on some days grouse, duck, teal, woodcock were also got. The joy of it all, the absorption, the satisfaction in merely being alive—only those who have tasted these autumn delights can sense what is meant. Mere description cannot convey a ghost of the reality.

By the way, somebody must hurry up and deal with the dog question. It is all very well to talk about reverting to the methods of our forefathers—God bless 'em!—but we cannot do it without dogs. A decent retriever used to cost £10 or £15, now it is £50, and difficult to obtain at the price. A good strain of working retriever is in great demand just now, and well it should pay breeders and trainers to see that the demand is satisfied. For rough shoots a retrieving spaniel or setter is extremely valuable, but dogs of every sort are scarce, and we cannot get on with the new programme unless immediate steps are taken to repopulate our empty kennels.

If I were asked to summarise my views briefly, I would put them in somewhat the following form:

Big bags are gone. They were a mistake, so no matter. Many landlords have retired. I am sorry, but we must adjust ourselves to the new conditions as we find them. The ideal of the future is small areas, carefully tended, sufficiently stocked, and studied with a view to providing plenty of sport.

Method of shooting.—More woodcraft, more exercise, and the skilful handling of a small body of assistants.

Reward.—All the joys of the chase, that is, of finding the game as well as shooting it.

Other rewards.—Fresh air, exercise and a closer acquaintance with our native soil than can be gained in any other way.

Finale (in slippered feet).—Discussion of errors with a view to their avoidance on the morrow.

## THE DELIVERANCE OF PARIS

Mémoires du Général Galliéni: Défense de Paris 25 Aout-11 Sept. 1914. (Payot, Paris, 16fr.)

**A**MONG the innumerable war-books which will at once facilitate and complicate the task of our future historians, none, I think, is so interesting as these memoirs of the defence of Paris. For Paris was saved by the action of one man, and it is he who tells the tale. We see him in his habit as he lived—imperious, clear-sighted, swift to act, a man of imagination in the midst of muddlers. It was Galliéni's imagination that turned the scale when, by all the rules of warfare, the battle was lost. He was, so to speak, an outsider, neither on the front nor on the Staff—a Colonial general on the retired list, promoted Military Governor of Paris. Von Kluck, who, in his memoirs, shows himself so anxious to penetrate the plan of General Joffre, wastes no time on Galliéni. Neither Headquarters nor the French Government were at all disposed to take his word for law, or to pay much attention to his imperious appeals for reinforcements.

Paris was sacrificed, according to the rules of the game, when Galliéni—by one of those flashlights of the fancy which in the hour of defeat showed Napoleon the prodigious manœuvres that turned tribulation into triumph at Arcole, at Rivoli, at Austerlitz—divined the sole way to outwit an overpowering enemy. Von Kluck was conducting his operations with all the science of war. He seemed so sure of success that, as we know, the French Government, to a man, left Paris for Bordeaux; a great part of the population of Paris streamed southwards; the American Ambassador, who remained (he was Mr. Myron Herrick), asked for the Governor's permission to paste on the doors of houses occupied by American citizens placards, printed in French and German, placing them under the protection of the United States—one of the interesting bills is reproduced in the book before us.

But the man of genius is the man who sees beyond the science, the art of his contemporaries, who adds a new rule to the game. On September 3rd, towards noon, the French aeroplanes brought news to the Governor of Paris which caused him to appreciate the defection to the south-east of the German armies—Von Kluck hoped to encircle the French troops before marching on the capital, according to the orthodox tactics of war. But Galliéni saw that, on their southward course, the

enemy forces left exposed a portion of their right flank and rear. Exposed to what? To the possible reprisals of Paris, apparently at the last gasp, with her puny forts ill defended, half-supplied with ammunition, her Government absent, her army a lot of waifs and strays. Von Kluck thought he could afford to take no account of Paris!

Now Galliéni was a patriot and a hero, but also a man, ambitious, choleric and vain. This insult, for so he considered it, sent the blood to his brain and stimulated his imagination to save his city and avenge his honour. If only he had a handful of decent soldiers at his disposal! But Headquarters turned a deaf ear to his appeal for reinforcements. General Joffre seemed to think the French armies could never retire far enough or fast enough to ensure their safety, their recovery, and the arrival of fresh units and supplies. He had no idea of an immediate offensive, nor had Marshal French. Galliéni alone saw the weak place, marked the spot and longed to return the blow, with what a deadly lunge!

Meanwhile the German armies were marching on the English and on the left of the French Fifth Army with the intent of splitting their contact and surrounding the French forces from the left. Every minute was precious. And this book is the journal of the endless waste of time that attends the collaboration of Allies who own no supreme command. A day, an hour, saved or lost may decide the situation. By three o'clock on the 4th Galliéni was at Melun, the English Headquarters, hoping to arrange an offensive with Sir John French. But the General was absent on the front, and no one dared decide so bold a move in the absence of Sir John. Having explained his views, Galliéni returned to Paris fuming against the slowness of the English, to find his own Headquarters just as slow, just as persuaded of the necessity of giving a breathing-space to the troops, exhausted by the retreat from Charleroi.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, that glorious afternoon of September 4th, at Melun, when I, too (humble mite that I felt myself), called at Headquarters, just about the same time as General Galliéni (of whose visit, of course, I was ignorant) to ask for friendly aid and counsel in my perplexities; and I recall how, the next day, an English soldier, kneeling by the curbstone mending his bike, looked up with cheerful eyes and comforted me: "Don't you be afraid, Miss! The place is

full up with Generals, and what I say is, where there's so many Generals there's rarely much danger."

But on Sunday, the 6th, we heard the cannon of the Marne and saw quantities of lovely aeroplanes flashing and glittering above the flower-laden branches of the sophora trees. Gallièni had had his way—had broken through rather and taken the lead! On September 6th the army of Paris, reinforced by an Algerian division and some Marine Fusiliers, had vigorously attacked the Fourth Corps of the German Reserve. Von Kluck must have felt the astonishment of Goliath when he received that rapid, energetic drubbing and saw his communications imperilled and his armies dispersed.

Il avait cru bon de négliger le camp retranché de Paris, et les forces, d'ailleurs ignorées par lui, qui venaient d'être lancées contre son flanc. Sa présomption devait être cruellement punie.

The mighty were fallen, γβρς had received its wage. On the 9th the English Army, slow to move but efficacious once in movement, crossed the Marne.

These memoirs of a heroic, a historic fortnight are full of life, of fire, of passionate patriotism—and of military rancour—a certain rancour against Joffre, who had been Gallièni's subordinate in Madagascar and who gave that impatient general less satisfaction when supreme in command—rancour, or rather revolt, against the slowness of the English—rancour not unmixed with scorn against the Government which abandoned its capital and then suspected and spied on the soldier who saved it. On the admirable page that records the mission of MM. Briand and Sembat, sent from Bordeaux by a distrustful Republic to learn the political intentions of General Gallièni . . . "Le premier roi fut un soldat heureux." A democratic government has always that verse in mind. The Governor of Paris thought he had disabused his interlocutors and sent them away satisfied of his loyalty. Yet, when the Ministers returned to Paris in December, he found himself left to languish inactive; no room could be found on the front for the Deliverer of Paris. It was then that the General, in the mood that one imagines, drew up this brief memoir of and apology for his victory, which will be read with attention by all who care for history—and human nature—but with a more impassioned interest by those who, like myself, have trembled for the fate of Paris, and have felt their hearts thrill, their ears throb, to the echo of the cannon at the Battle of the Marne.

MARY DUCLAUX.

Gallipoli Diary, by Sir Ian Hamilton. (Arnold, 36s. net.)

SIR IAN HAMILTON is a brave man and he is a good writer, but the English public is very chary of accepting excuses for failure, especially in war-time. It will be said with considerable truth that there are many men highly efficient up to a point who could give excellent reasons for not succeeding, but that is not the way with real greatness. Sir Ian Hamilton accepted the command at Gallipoli if not with light-heartedness at least without assuring himself that he had the means and power to capture Constantinople. He shows us Kitchener in a light very different from that shed on "K's" career by his biographer. Sir George Arthur represents Kitchener as sharing to a great extent the doubts of Lord Fisher. General Hamilton, on the contrary, represents him as being an enthusiastic believer in the Eastern theory. He seems to have believed that Constantinople could be taken with comparatively little trouble. The casual manner in which the expedition was arranged casts a lurid light on British management in the early stages of the war. Neither the men nor the guns nor the provisions were adequately prepared beforehand. Moreover, by a premature bombardment, notice was given to the Turks and Germans that we meant to attempt clearing out the Bosphorus, and it ought not to have been beyond the competence of the military authorities to reckon on a greatly stiffened defence. They did nothing of the kind. Raw levies were set to perform one of the most difficult feats in military annals. Nobody seems to have considered that the guns on the *Queen Elizabeth* could not exercise that deciding influence on the forts that the German howitzers did in Liège. According to the diary printed in this book Sir Ian Hamilton understood the state of affairs before accepting the command, and a great deal of his space is occupied in complaints that his requisitions for men and munitions were not complied with. This kind of thing would not have happened with a soldier of the very first rank. He would have taken time to count the cost, without doing which it was idle to make the attempt. When he had ascertained what he had required he would have refused to stir until he saw the way clear for obtaining everything that was absolutely necessary. Then, further, anyone grasping the magnitude of the task would not have concerned himself with the psychological problems discussed at such length in this diary. He would have become lean through thinking out the means by which victory might be achieved. In a word we cannot believe that the thousands who have dead relatives on the peninsula will be satisfied with the explanation given in this book. They will not even enjoy the vivacious and excellent writing, because in an account of war the subject far transcends the style in importance. It is true he kept up his pluck to the very end, but that was what might have been expected. He was in the position of a tough boxer who will not say he is beaten even when his seconds fling up the sponge. When he got the secret and personal cable from Kitchener he was overwhelmed with grief. "Through my tired brain passed thought-pictures of philosophers waiting for cups of hemlock and various other strange and half-forgotten antique things." But he never blames himself for anything. He goes home with this resolution. "I will buttonhole every Minister from McKenna and Lloyd George to Asquith and Bonar Law—and grovel at their feet if by doing so I can hold them on to this, the biggest scoop

that is, or ever has been, open to an Empire." This is not the language of one who shares the general recognition that the Gallipoli expedition was the most gigantic and costly mistake made in the course of the war.

MR. PARKER WOODWARD has surely reached the high-water mark of absurdity in the book which he calls *Sir Francis Bacon, Poet—Philosopher—Statesman—Lawyer—Wit* (Grafton). It was bad enough to argue that Bacon had written Shakespeare's plays, but additional claims are now made that he also wrote "The Anatomy of Melancholy," with Robert Borden as his assistant, the poems of Spenser, the plays of Greene, and (most astonishing) "Don Quixote." Some of the evidence given is so amusing as to tempt one to believe that the whole thing is burlesque: only that is altogether inconsistent with the serious tone of the book. Yet one can scarcely call him serious. For instance, he refers to the case of Cervantes, who obtained his novel from an Arabian manuscript by one Cide Hamet Benengili. Mr. Woodward will have it that the word "Ham-et" was chosen because the syllable "ham" suggests bacon. We are all familiar by this time with the secret marks of the Rosicrucians, the secret code and other so-called evidence of the same kind with which the fantastic theory is built up. They leave the real question untouched. When a great writer produces a masterpiece, when he is "all out," as they say in racing slang, then his style is exclusively that of his own personality. Shakespeare himself could not have written "Don Quixote" as we know it. In humour, sympathy and humanity he may have passed Cervantes, but the way in which they are blended is an outcome of character and temperament. Had he created the Don he would have borne the hall-mark of his genius, not that of the true author. Spenser, again, is inimitable. The "Faery Queen" has faults, but it also was done with all the author's power and wit. Its expression is his and his alone. That is the reason why no one author can write exactly in the style of another. Of Bacon's claim to admiration we can say nothing in disparagement. He was one of the greatest of the Elizabethans, and his fame is not incomparable with that of Shakespeare. But the two mentalities are wide apart. Just because he was so great, Bacon could never have accomplished what may appear a simple task, that of writing one of the plays attributed to Greene. We do not place Greene very high among dramatists; indeed, we have very little sympathy with that frenzy which finds a genius in every Elizabethan writer of plays. The one supremely great man among them was Shakespeare, and the others would have remained as obscure as the dramatists of the Restoration but for the lustre shed by our greatest poet on the era in which he lived. Yet though Greene did not attain to greatness, there are a thousand expressions in his plays which could only come from himself. This is the internal evidence that Baconians neglect. When they speak of internal evidence they do not mean that afforded by character and individuality of genius, but to cyphers, signs, tokens and coincidences which might be found or manufactured in the work of any writer of prose or verse. If someone were to assert that Francis Bacon had written the Revised Translation of the Bible he could adduce evidence as plausible as is given for saying that he wrote the plays of Shakespeare.

#### GEOGRAPHY MADE INTERESTING.

THE two new volumes which the Cambridge University Press has added to its series of County Handbooks amply maintain the high standard set up by their predecessors. These little books, uniform in plan, precise and clear in their facts and embodying not only information about the physical features, but the history, industries, antiquities and architecture, give a most useful summary of what one wants to know about a new district. Mr. William Learmonth brings close local knowledge to bear on his Kirkcudbrightshire and Wigtownshire. Between them they make the district known as Galloway, sometimes called Gray Galloway. It is famous in historical and imaginative literature as "the home of the Westland Whigs." This has furnished rich material to novelists from Sir Walter Scott to the late Mr. Crockett. Modern Wigtownshire is mainly agricultural in character, the soft airs from the Atlantic making a climate that is well suited to that calling. Vegetation commences early in spring, and continues later in autumn than in the colder eastern coast of Scotland. Wigtownshire has a coast line of sixty miles in length, and a pleasant task for a summer holiday maker would be to follow Mr. Learmonth in his pilgrimage from the Solway to Stranraer. It would take him past the picturesque ruins of Sweetheart Abbey. He would go past the old kirkyard of Kirkchrist and he would end at the Wig, a fine natural basin or *vik* from which the county takes its name. The amount of sea fishing hardly corresponds to the facilities afforded. The author says that Simpson's words in his *Large Description*, written in 1684, might be used to-day: "Our sea is better stored with good fish than our shore is furnished with good fishers." As befits an agricultural district, the towns of Galloway are small. Kirkcudbright, the county town of Kirkcudbrightshire, has a population of only 2,205. Maxwelltown has, however, a population of 6,200. Wigtown itself has only a population of 1,369, while Stranraer has a population of 6,444. These facts point to Galloway being, with its little towns, beautiful hills and wide spaces, an ideal place for the holiday-maker in Scotland. It has long had an overpowering attraction for the sportsman.

Caithness and Sutherland, dealt with by Mr. H. F. Campbell, impress one as forming a wilder and more forlorn district. At the foot of the rocks north of Thurso, with the wild waves of the Petland dashing against the land, one has a kind of world's end feeling, more than is experienced in any other part of Great Britain. Here stands John o' Groat's house, the farthest distance point from Land's End. But Caithness and Sutherland, in reality, form a very beautiful district and, needless to say, the rivers and lochans are famed for their salmon fishing. Commercial sea-fishing has been extremely well developed. Wick, well known to visitors on their way to *Ultima Thule*, is the chief centre. In 1911 it made its record by landing considerably over half a million hundredweights of fish, valued at £185,106. It was not the quantity but the money that constituted the record. The history of the county carries us back to the time of the Picts, which gave the name Petland, that is Pictland, to the Firth. British agriculture has reason to be grateful to Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, who was a famous pioneer in the industry. The coast scenery of Sutherlandshire is nearly the wildest in the country.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## THE TROUT OF A MILL LEET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A friend of mine has a mill leet running through his grounds, which naturally, like any other running water in Devon, contains trout. The leet is very shallow and rapid, and not more than five to six feet broad; it steals all the water from a moorland beck, which in summer time has half a mile of its bed bone dry, save for a few detached pools too deep to dry up entirely. The leet is much overhung by trees and brambles, which give shelter and shade to the trout. Except under two culverts where roads cross, none of the fish quite reach half a pound in weight. The first of these culverts yielded two dark-coloured trout which weighed rather over a pound together, but the denizens of the second remained something of a mystery until this July. That there was a good trout in the dark recesses of the little tunnel was certain, for I had twice hooked something weighty, but both times the hook hold gave, and I did not see the fish. The culvert in question is only 9ft. long, and the stream beneath it but 3ft. wide, so that it seemed extraordinary that anything save small fish could find harbourage therein. There was a violent current a foot wide on one side, and 2ft. of quiet water on the other, showing that the stream had followed out an underground pocket and formed an eddy. This month there has been much rain, and one day when the leet was a tulle coloured I floated a very attractive bandling into the mystery tunnel. A bite came at once, and this time the trout was soundly hooked; and then what a commotion took place in the tunnel! A shortened line pulled the fish from his hole like a rabbit from a burrow, and soon the mysterious trout was stranded in full view on the bank of the leet. This fish was 15½ ins. long and weighed 20ozs. No one had ever seen this trout, which can only have left its underground retreat at night. A few days later I extracted another from the same place. This latter was 12½ ins. long and weighed 11ozs. To make the matter more extraordinary I have little doubt that there remains yet a third good trout under that culvert, for I have since hooked and lost something quite solid. My friend and his family have always been much interested in the trout beneath this culvert, as it is quite close to the house. Several fish of about ten inches long have been seen, but never any trout approaching the size of the two caught. A 10in. trout weighs about six ounces, and there are many of this size in the leet.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

## PRIMEVAL WINNOWING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph which shows the method of winnowing in almost universal use in India. It is primitive, but wonderfully effective, and probably dates back many thousands of years. The cut corn is first littered on a flat piece of hard-beaten ground round a central pole to which two or more oxen are tethered by a short rope. These are driven slowly round and round the pole,

thus "treading out the corn" as we read of it in the Bible. The straw is then removed, leaving behind a mixture of grain and chaff, which is collected into a heap for winnowing. On days when there is a moderate breeze, a man mounts a primitive wooden stool and shakes the mixture slowly from a grass tray or basket as shown in the photograph. The corn falls fairly straight down into a heap near the stool, but the chaff is carried by the wind and collects in a separate heap further away.—H. W. ODDIN-TAYLOR

## BRICKLAYERS AND BRICKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—None of your readers who have had post-war experience of the methods of bricklayers and other highly paid workmen will be inclined to disagree with your two recent "Country Notes" on this subject. A man can lay as many bricks now as he could in pre-war days, but he will not, or may not, and so he does not. In other days he could, and did, lay 700 to 800 bricks a day, but if he is not watched he may not set even one brick in five minutes. And so it is the same all the way round the labour ring. Gone are the days when 800 bricks could be set true and square by a man without using "straight-edge" and "plumb-bob," as I have seen done by my own father's workmen with true eye and well handled trowel and with true good-will. I doubt whether a stone-built house could be run up quite plumb and true by workmen of to-day, let alone one of bricks!—D.

## RED CURRANTS TURNING WHITE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I shall be glad to learn if you or any of your readers have had experience of such a case as this: About six or seven years ago I bought six young currant bushes, three white and three red. For the first two or three years they kept to the colours, but during the past three years a change has come over them. Last year (1919) there were four white and two red, one red having changed to white; while this season there are five white and only one red. Can you or your readers give any satisfactory reason for this change?—THOMAS J. WIGG.

[It is just possible that the variety grown is Champagne Red, the fruits of which turn pale pink when over-ripe; or, perhaps, the variety Gloire de Sablons, with striped fruits, which sport both ways, producing pure red and pure white fruits sometimes on the same plant. Grafted currant bushes have been received in this country from abroad, and this is a possible explanation of the change of colour, as the stock may have grown up from the base and replaced the scion. We should like to see some leaves and, if not too late, fruits for identification.—Ed.]

## HOGARTH AT "THE RAM," CIRENCESTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can any reader of COUNTRY LIFE, who may be taking the road these holiday months, throw light on the accompanying rare print by

Hogarth? It is apparently a drawing of a bill-head for the Ram Inn, Cirencester. Did Hogarth put up at the Ram, and finding, as a great artist should do, some little difficulty in meeting his bill, present his landlord with this delightful plate, in lieu of mere cash? To settle one's bill by the gift, to one's landlord, of a bill-head is a stroke of irony very consonant with the Augustan age of English humour and of English inns. Are there any traces now existing of the Cirencester Ram as it stood in Hogarth's day, with its beautiful balustraded galleries, from which would open the bedrooms and principal sitting-rooms and galleries so typical of the inns of old England? Possibly the Ram denotes the headquarters of the local wool trade, just as the George Inn, Hinton



A HOGARTH PRINT OF THE RAM, CIRENCESTER.

Charterhouse, does some seven miles from Bath, where, beneath the roof, was a great room, running the whole length of the building, used by the wool merchants and wool staplers for displaying their wares and transacting their business. Hogarth, as all good Hogarthians, of course, know, is said to have painted the famous sign for "The Man Loaded with Mischief," an inn once standing at 414, Oxford Street, together with many other signboards; but definite evidence is lacking, such as the signature, giving a unique value to this print of the Ram. That England's greatest pictorial satirist was keenly observant of inn signs is clear from the care with which every detail of the sign painting of the day is preserved in his "March to Finchley," "Gin Lane," "Southwark Fair," and "Invasion of England." The famous election plate, "Canvassing for Votes," moreover, gives no fewer than three signs—that of the "Crown" being torn down by the rural Bolsheviks of the time, the "Oak," half hidden by an electioneering placard, and part of the "Portobello" sign swinging over the heads of the two village worthies smoking and drinking very peacefully, faction mobs and agitated canvassers notwithstanding. Possibly some oldest inhabitant of Cirencester may be able to recall traditional evidence concerning John Shaw of the Ram and William Hogarth.—G. M. GODDEN.

## THE CHIFF CHAFF AND THE WILLOW WREN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a small bird killed by a cat in my garden to-day and I shall be much obliged if you will kindly tell me what it is. Is it a willow wren? I am a lover of all birds and a constant reader of "COUNTRY LIFE" since its start. The flies began to attack the little corpse, so I have placed some powdered alum in the packing. The favour of your reply will oblige. The bird life in Dulwich this year is wonderful and in the past twenty years I have never observed so many newcomers.—LEONARD GODDARD.

[The bird was sent to Mr. W. H. Gurney, who says: "I am of opinion that the bird you have sent is a chiff chaff. When dead (especially when mauled), it is not an easy matter to distinguish between this bird and the willow wren. The points which make me identify this bird as a chiff chaff are as follows:—(1) It is rather smaller than the willow wren, whose length is 4.9in. This specimen is 4.5in. (2) It has darker legs. (3) The second quill is equal in length to the seventh, whereas the second quill of the willow wren is equal to the sixth. (4) The willow wren has slightly bright plumage."—Ed.]



WINNOWING IN INDIA.

## CANARIES AND RED MITES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can you supply me with information in your next issue as to how to eradicate red mite from which my canary is suffering? The bird is old and cannot receive any drastic treatment, but possibly a treatment of the cage and perches will suffice.—F. C.

[These pests do not live on the birds; they only infest them at night. During the day they are hidden in the cracks of the cage; consequently the treatment required is thoroughly to scrub the cage, perches and utensils with hot water and Lifebuoy soap. When dry, paint all cracks and perches with a solution of one ounce of camphor to half a pint of methylated spirit. The bird can be returned to the cage the following day. The bird also should be allowed to bathe in water to which has been added a spoonful of infusion from quassia.—Ed.]

## FROM A SOUTH AFRICAN SNAKE PARK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This photograph may interest your readers. I took it the other day at the Port



THE BIG PYTHON WITH A FRIEND.

Elizabeth Snake Park. It shows the native boy who feeds the snakes holding the big python.—MAY SMART.

## DANCING GNATS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A correspondent two weeks ago described in an interesting way the motion of gnats as they danced in the lee of a hedge. When the mayfly is up in June, these most beautiful creatures dance up and down and gyrate in a most orderly and marvellous fashion. In some places children call them fishflies, and I have watched their motions many a time over the waters of a trout stream and seen the fish leap inches high out of the water and gobble them down. Another curious name which children have for them is "archangels," I suppose because, as the flies are not to be seen more than two or three days, the notion is that they had gone up to heaven.—R.

## EARLY HORSES AND OTHER DOMESTICATED ANIMALS IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—By the courtesy of the editors of the *Outlook* of New York, I was lately allowed to propound the following, based upon a statement

circulated in an advertisement last year among the American Y.M.C.A. hostels in this country, to the effect that the llamas, the camels of the New World, were the only domesticated animals in America prior to the coming of the white man with the horse. I asked if the inference was true that the whites introduced the horse into the American continent, and, if so, when?

The following response, from the pen of Mr. W. D. Matthew, the Curator of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, will probably be of interest to your readers: "Horses were first introduced into the New World by the Spaniards during the sixteenth century. They were wholly unknown to the natives at that time, and the cavalry played a most important part in the victories of Cortez and Pizarro, the explorations of De Soto, etc., as appears in the historical accounts of these exploits. Escaped horses seem to have run wild on the plains from Mexico northward, and on the pampas in the La Plata basin in South America. They are referred to quite early in the seventeenth century. There is no evidence that our North American Indians made any use of horses until the eighteenth century, but as early as 1754 they were in use among the Blackfeet on the northern plains, and probably considerably earlier in the southwest.

"It is not quite correct, however, to say that the llama was the only domesticated animal in the New World before the arrival of the white man. Dogs were domesticated by the Indians of North America in prehistoric times. They were used among many tribes for transportation by the dog *travois*. The *travois* consisted of a couple of poles harnessed at the front to the sides of the animal, the rear ends dragging behind, and with a framework fastened across about the middle to hold the load. Also the dogs were used for food and, I suppose, in hunting. At all events, there is no doubt that the prehistoric Indians had distinct breeds or races of dogs quite different from any wild species. As to the Peruvian Indians, they domesticated both the llama (guanaco) and alpaca (vicuna), according to the accounts. I have seen no mention of dogs among them. It has been supposed that the extinct ground-sloths may have been domesticated in Argentina by prehistoric Indian races. This rests upon a find in a cave in Patagonia of remains of ground-sloths associated with bundles of cut dried grass and apparently confined by walls to a certain part of the cave. One can hardly question that in this instance the animals were confined in the cave, fed, presumably kept to be used as food. But there is no proof that anything of this sort was a prevalent custom. There are, of course, plenty of modern instances on record of individual animals being kept confined, tamed, even trained, by both savage and civilised man. But that does not constitute domestication. So far as I know, the only true domesticated animals in the New World in pre-Columbian times were the llama and alpaca in Peru and adjoining regions, the dog throughout North America. One point more. Wild horses of several species had existed in both North and South America before the arrival of man. It is possible that they were still in existence when the Indians first came to America. At all events, their remains are found in Pleistocene, preglacial and early interglacial formations, and a whole series of ancestors, beginning with the little four-toed horse, are found in the tertiary formations that underlie the Pleistocene."—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

## IRRIGATION BETWEEN THE TWO RIVERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In my article on the Irrigation of Mesopotamia in your issue of July 24th I gave some



A WATER WHEEL ON THE EUPHRATES.

Showing details of the construction.

account of the naouras or water wheels on the Euphrates and also some pictures of them. You may, however, care to see the construction of the naoura more in detail and I therefore send you this photograph. The wheel is, as will be seen, made from the rough boughs of trees and revolves between piers of brickwork on axles of wood.—ROLAND GORBOLD.

## AN ARTIST IN THE TRENCHES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may care to publish this photograph of a picture showing an incident that I saw and painted when in France: a pair of magpies had built their nest in No Man's Land, unconscious of the danger, and, although shelled a great deal, escaped unharmed.—E. S. AMOORE, late Captain, H.A.C.



A MAGPIE THAT BUILT IN NO MAN'S LAND.





**D**OMESTIC architecture is so commonly hall-marked by favoured treatments of design that one can generally guess who was the architect of a particular house. This is well instanced by the house now illustrated, the treatment of the garden front especially, with its semi-octagonal bays to the wings and semi-circular porch, clearly proclaiming it as Mr. Ernest Newton's work.

From the standpoint of the adaptation of a building to its site, Brand Lodge is of more than ordinary interest. The house stands on the southern slopes of the Malvern Hills, and there is a very considerable fall from north to south. The expedient of entering the house at first floor level was regarded as wholly disagreeable. To avoid it, the ground was made up on the south side to such a height that but little cutting away was necessary on the entrance front to allow the entrance to be made at ground floor level. This, of course, has necessitated a good deal of terracing and steps on the garden side, and full advantage has been taken of it by making these steps and terraces a special feature. The garden scheme has yet to be completed, but the house already possesses a most attractive setting, to which the retention of some fine Scotch firs contributes largely. The position is an exposed one, but hollow brick walling covered with cement roughcast has made the house thoroughly sound and dry. On the garden bays the decorative leadwork between the ground and first floor windows affords relief and, incidentally, shows Mr. Newton's continued love of the crafts allied to architecture. These bays



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GARDEN FRONT FROM THE LAWN.

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ON THE TERRACE.

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ENTRANCE FRONT.

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FROM THE EAST.

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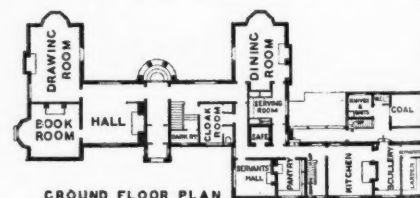
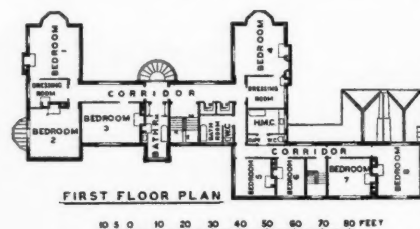
on the ground floor light the drawing-room and dining-room respectively. The placing of these two rooms on the two ends of the house is a feature of the plan; the one piece of formal ceremony left in ordinary life being the procession from drawing-room to dining-room, for which procession the broad corridor affords an appropriate setting. Opening off the corridor is a large hall, panelled out in English oak, and having a stone chimneypiece embellished with plaster casts of the signs of the Zodiac framed in between enriched plaster slips; and opening out of the hall is the library, with a bay window looking out on to a little terrace with a lily pond in the centre of it. Above these rooms on the first floor are the principal bedrooms, two of them with dressing-rooms attached; and off the first floor corridor on the garden side a pair of French windows open on to the balcony of the garden porch. The staircase is very simply treated in English oak, and goes up in straight flights.

All the usual convenient appointments of a modern country house are incorporated, including on the ground floor a well-arranged service wing, a serving-room adjacent to the dining-room, a good-sized cloakroom opening off the hall, and a dark room.

A complete electric light plant is installed, while as regards water, a constant supply is obtained by gravitation from springs on the hills above.

During the war the house was converted by the owner, Miss Julia Holland, into an auxiliary hospital for soldiers, and attached to the 1st Southern General Hospital, Birmingham; and more than 1,100 patients received treatment within its walls.

R. R. P.



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IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



LOOKING ACROSS FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR TO BALCONY.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

## SHOOTING AND FISHING PROPERTIES

FOR the first time for five or six years things are getting back to the normal in regard to sporting properties. Owners and their friends, and those who rent sportings also, we hope and believe, accounted friends by the owners, were otherwise engaged from 1914 onwards, and had not got into the running even a year ago. This year there has been time to turn round; properties have been made shipshape, and a good deal of lost time will be made up for with rod and gun during the present season. The break-up of estates has made a great difference in many districts, but for the man of means there are yet some magnificent opportunities, if only the properties which remain over from auction in the present year be taken into account. There are also new offers of first-rate sporting estates, and some of these are invitations to rent on quite reasonable terms.

## GISBOROUGH HALL, YORKSHIRE.

IN a single issue of COUNTRY LIFE within the last few weeks a comprehensive list of sales of fishing properties, mainly in the Test valley, has been published as having been dealt with by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The same firm has added many others at intervals since, and this week they inform us that they are authorised to receive offers for the letting, on a furnished tenancy for a term of years, of Gisborough Hall, the fine Yorkshire sporting estate. The Hall is a new structure with every modern convenience. The Gisborough Hall shootings extend over about 8,910 acres, consisting of nearly 4,000 acres of moorland, 4,150 acres of partridge ground and 840 acres of woods and rough ground, including a couple of rabbit warrens. There is no harm in mentioning that the Cleveland, Hurworth and South Durham Foxhounds are within a reasonable distance, and that there are golf links five or six miles away, at Saltburn-by-the-Sea and Redcar.

EXTENSIVE SPORTING ESTATES  
DEALT WITH.

AMONG the sporting estates sold during the past month or two by Messrs. Hampton and Sons are Dangstein, near Petersfield, comprising 1,425 acres, and the Baynards Park estate, near Horsham, of 1,522 acres. They have also let for the season Chicksands Priory, Bedfordshire, a fine old historical residence with 2,500 acres of first-class shooting and some coarse fishing; Ingmire Hall, Sedburgh, a well known fifteenth century house with 3,500 acres of shooting, including a 1,000-acre grouse moor and salmon and trout fishing for about two and a half miles in the River Lune and two miles in the River Rowthey; Gaunts House, Wimborne, with about 3,000 acres of shooting, carrying a very large head of pheasants and partridges, and exclusive trout fishing in the River Allen; Baugh Fell and Frostraw, Yorkshire, having some 15,000 acres, including a grouse moor and fine partridge ground, has also been let by the Cockspur Street firm.

Among the sporting properties Messrs. Hampton and Sons have for sale are the Wyck Hill estate, near Stow-on-the-Wold, with about 1,290 acres, affording some first-rate shooting and also trout fishing; the Inholmes estates, near Hungerford, with about 1,629 acres; Bourn Hall, near Cambridge, a residential and sporting estate of 1,063 acres. These properties are offered to auction at an early date.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons are seeking tenants for Swakeleys, Uxbridge, one of the finest Jacobean residences extant, which is offered unfurnished, with about 1,100 acres of good mixed shooting, probably one of the most attractive sporting properties so near London; Shoreham Place, Sevenoaks, is on offer to be let furnished, with about 2,000 acres of shooting; Wyddial Hall, Herts, a moderate-sized house with 1,600 acres of shooting; and Barlbrough Hall, Chesterfield, a beautiful example of pure Elizabethan architecture with 1,600 acres of shooting and some coarse fishing.

## WYE FISHERIES FOR £19,500.

DEAR old Colonel Peter Hawker, prince of sportsmen, would have had something to say at the idea of a salmon fishing fetching nearly £20,000. The actual price obtained, this week at Hanover Square, by Messrs.

Knight, Frank and Rutley, for the Hampton Bishop salmon fishings in the Wye was £19,500, for a stretch of about 6½ miles, with a small fishing lodge. The Colonel lived at a time when sport was comparatively cheap, and his particular haunt was, as every sportsman knows, the Lymington Ooze and the Test Valley. It was with the wildfowl that he most enjoyed himself, judging from what he has written, and notes which his contemporaries made about him.

## A HAUNT OF RARE BIRDS.

SPEAKING about wildfowl, where is there anything to beat the St. Bride's estate which Lord Kensington is shortly selling through the Hanover Square firm? This fine estate on the Pembrokeshire coast teems with birds. The islands of Skomer, Grassholm, Gateholm and Midland are famed for the number and variety of the species that breed there, and the presence of some very rare birds. Grassholm has the distinction of being the only remaining colony of gannets on the West Coast of England and Wales, and among the birds which frequent the islands are the guillemot, shearwater, cormorant, puffin, oystercatcher, buzzard, peregrine falcon, merlin falcon and golden eagle. The islands provide pheasants, woodcock, snipe, wild duck and geese, and as many as 5,000 rabbits have been regularly trapped, while along the rocky coast there is excellent fishing.

## SCOTTISH SPORTINGS.

IT has been well said that "as long as heather grows on Highland hills there will be grouse and deer and men to shoot them." A fifth of the total area of sporting land in Scotland is now given up to deer forests and grouse moors, and the acreage so used has more than doubled during the last quarter of a century or so. In many ways it is no bad thing for the people, for the sporting owner or tenant spends money with a free hand, and much of the land could not be usefully devoted to any other purpose. Taking from the pages of COUNTRY LIFE a few of the sporting estates, north of the Tweed, which have lately been announced for disposal, we may mention Mrs. Lyon's Sutherland estate of Ospisdale and Airdens, yielding 300 brace of grouse and with capital grilse and sea trout in the Evelix, and having also the angling in Dornoch Firth and a loch on the estate. Dunalastair, 20,000 acres, in Perthshire, has lately been described in these columns (July 17th). Part of the shootings has usually been separately let, but the total bag is about thirty stags, two thousand brace of grouse, and twenty-five to thirty salmon. Another estate of about the same acreage is Pitfour, a few miles from Aberdeen, where, in a good season, 200 brace of grouse and 1,000 brace of partridges may be counted upon. Fishing is a feature of Pitfour, for there are the two Ugies and a lake on the estate, so that salmon, sea trout, as well as plenty of river trout, are to be had. The 56,600 acres of the Ewing Gilmour estates in Ross and Sutherland present an infinite variety of the finest conceivable sport. Take the Inverlael section, for example, thirty to fifty stags, grouse, wildfowl, salmon and trout, and 18,000 acres. Two smaller sections, Corriemulzie and Gubernisgach, about 12,000 acres each, yield their twenty to thirty stags, and so on.

## NORTH WALES SHOOTINGS.

EXCELLENT shooting may be had on many of the North Wales and border estates which are now in the market, though there, as very generally elsewhere, the effects of the forced neglect during the war period have not yet been fully wiped out. There is a very large acreage awaiting offers in the district in question. Thousands of acres are about to come under the hammer. Among the owners, and the acreages involved, may be mentioned: Lord Aberconway, outlying portions of his estates; Lord Mostyn, 4,000 or 5,000 acres; Major David Davies, 2,000 acres of the Gregynog estate (where he lately entertained all the members of his old regiment, whom he had invited during the stiffest fighting on the Western Front); Colonel Wynne-Edwards, about a square mile in Denbighshire; Colonel Cunliffe, 1,600 acres near Ellesmere; Brigadier-General Lloyd,

a large area on the Salop border; and other holdings in Denbighshire.

## THE CHALKY STOUR.

FOR beauty the Stour is rightly esteemed, as it passes in almost a straight line through East Kent, and for good sporting trout there are few better streams. The Lesser Stour, a few miles away, running through the "bourne" valleys, is also remarkable in a fishing sense for its size, small as it is. Godmersham Park has four miles of the Stour trout fishing, and is also first-rate partridge ground. Another Kent estate, or, rather, the remnant of it, also in the market, is Lee Priory, Littlebourne, which it is suggested is suitable for a school, club or sanatorium, but the proximity of the mansion to the golf courses at Sandwich and Deal might also presumably be turned to good account. The excellence of the accommodation which could be provided at Lee Priory for golfers should outweigh the disadvantage, if it be a disadvantage, of being a short motor run from the links. Smaller links at Barham and Ickham are close to the Priory. The Stour affords first rate trout fishing, the shooting includes not only plenty of partridges, but wild fowl in the marshes towards Thanet, and there is no better fox-hunting than with the East Kent hounds. For interests of another type, Canterbury needs only to be named, and, either from there or from Dover, the train service to town is fairly good, and there is a station at Bekesbourne, a mile away.

The progress of coal mining in this part of Kent is shown by the clause in the conditions, reserving the minerals below 300ft., and stipulating that a solid pillar shall be left under a circular area of 37 acres around the house. Lee Priory was originally a plain Jacobean building, but was restored by James Wyatt, who, according to Hasted, exhibited here "the most perfect style of Gothic." Sir Gilbert Scott carried out more works of restoration sixty years ago, and the result is a Gothic house which, it must be confessed, does not make the same appeal to modern tastes as original Jacobean work untouched by restorers, however eminent. To sum up, Lee Priory is a substantial structure with 228 acres, and it is for sale privately by Messrs. Hampton and Sons (Cockspur Street), in conjunction with Messrs. Worsfold and Hayward (Dover), with 228 acres or less, at a very low price.

## EAST ANGLIAN GAME BAGS.

THE Rendlesham Hall estate is now on offer in various sections, and at prices proportioned to the particular "permutations and combinations" that may appeal to a buyer. As a sporting estate the entire property has few equals. The judiciously dispersed woodlands and plantations, and the nature or the soil combine to offer ideal facilities for the rearing of a large head of game. The game bags have been carefully recorded over the 10,795 acres, and for the years 1912-13, 1913-14, and 1914-15 are as follows respectively: Pheasants—8,476, 5,804 and 7,832; partridges—5,606, 1,762 and 2,478; hares—384, 170 and 397; rabbits—657, 244 and 464; woodcock—109, 130 and 62; snipe—10, 5 and 7; duck—280, 264 and 241. During the war no pheasants were reared, but from 2,000 to 3,000 wild pheasants were killed each season. Capital coarse fishing in the Decoy Lake and River Deben shows pike up to 40lb. taken from the former.

The Rendlesham Hall estate is purchasable in lots. The mansion, with park and other lands, in all 223 acres, is for sale, with possession, for £16,500, inclusive of £1,643 for timber. It may be bought, with the home farm of 470 acres and certain woodlands, for £30,000, including £3,000 for timber. The Hall is offered, with other land, bringing the total up to 990 acres, for £48,500, the saleable timber being estimated at £16,000. Rookery House and 1,150 acres, close to Woodbridge golf course, a sporting property on which 2,000 pheasants and 1,000 partridges may be shot in an average season, is to be sold, with marsh land at Hollesley, for £16,000, including timber valued at £2,600. The buyer would have an option of leasing the sporting rights over four square miles of heath. Prices of the smaller lots may be had on application to Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. ARBITER.

# THE WEEK AT GOODWOOD

OUTSTANDING FEATURES REVIEWED

**T**HE KING honoured Goodwood Races with his presence on all four days of the meeting last week. His Majesty stayed at Goodwood House with the Duke of Richmond, and, though there were several failures from the Royal stable at Newmarket, there was, at any rate, one highly popular winner in the three year old Dayspring, an unsexed son of St. Denis. This horse won the Hainaker Plate, a race for two and three year olds at weight for age, with a penalty for anything won in the interval since the closing of the race. The only winner of that kind was Mr. S. B. Joel's Novel, a rather washy chestnut that had succeeded at Liverpool in the previous week. Here he ruined any chance he may have had by beginning slowly. Dayspring was second favourite, first position in the betting being occupied by a two year old named Foundation, a magnificent-looking big fellow by Cicero. This one ran as if far from being ready yet with just a suspicion of "softness"; but we will give him the benefit of the doubt and assume that he did not win because he is too big and bulky to be at his best yet awhile. The cheering after the King's horse had won was most exhilarating, and His Majesty was clearly delighted.

Now as to the meeting generally. It is, of course, a proprietary one, in the sense that it is held on the Duke of Richmond's property and that it is conducted and managed in his financial interests. I need only add that all I wrote a week ago as to the inadequacy of the stakes offered in proportion to the big sums it costs to enter, bring horses and race them at the meeting was more than emphasised. The disparity was, indeed, a matter of reproach; but we will leave it at that in the belief that the Duke will not allow another meeting to come along without making very drastic alterations in the four days' programme.

As to the actual racing, the yield was extremely disappointing. Fields were thin and uninspiring except in one or two bright instances. There was an all round lack of horses, and really one could not be wholly surprised in the circumstances. Yet it is a fine racecourse in the best sense, pitched as it is amid a setting of perfect natural charm and tranquillity. The pity is that in these times the cost of reaching it for man and horse is so very heavy. I thought that fewer people than ever used the railway. Visitors either came from a distance by private car or those heavy charrs-à-bancs. Consequently the waiting would-be profiteers in Chichester were doomed to disappointment, and long before the meeting was over they were begging for fares when they had imagined that they would be imposing anything they liked to ask, as was the case last year. The "ramping" was defeated, and every credit is due to the R.A.C. for their excellent traffic arrangements, but then perfection can never be reached on roads which are far too narrow and, of course, tremendously steep in places.

Looking back now on the racing, we can agree that far the most interesting incident was the meeting of Diadem and Tetratema for the King George's Stakes of six furlongs. No other was in the field; no other was wanted. It was just a match between two brilliantly speedy horses—Diadem, which had proved herself a champion over and over again, and Tetratema, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, and a colt of brilliant speed. He was receiving the weight for age allowance of 11lb., but had to give back 3lb., which was his allowance for sex to the mare. Thus the difference was 8lb., and as Tetratema won cleverly by a little less than a length,

his achievement stands out as a very fine one indeed. The mare started favourite at 6 to 5 on, and I felt sure she was going to be beaten when I saw Carslake continually turning his head to watch her.

Two fine horsemen and two great horses! What better to watch when both are nearly equally matched? They came the six furlongs at a tremendous pace, and both jockeys agreed they had never come down that hill from the five furlong post so fast. I thought Diadem finished rather tired, as if the ground was too soft for her. So, indeed, it was, but it may also be that she was showing signs of staleness. You must bear in mind that she has had a hard time this year. This has been her lot ever since she was two years of age, and she is now a six year old. The wonder is that she has been kept in training so long, except that she has always been very sound and that she has never disliked racing, thanks to Donoghue's tender and skilful riding of her on all occasions. Some may doubt whether she will be relatively as good at the stud as on the racecourse in



TETRATEMA, WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE STAKES.  
Is he worth £100,000?



W. A. Rouch.

MOUNT ROYAL.  
A National Stud winner of the Goodwood Cup.

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consequence of the long time she has been in training. Mares do not breed their like as a rule after having been subjected to such an ordeal, but Lord D'Abernon must have exceptional ideas on the point. And, anyhow, why argue the point? Is she not entered now for the big race at Ostend, and does not that put conjecture as to Lord D'Abernon's views at an end? I cannot imagine the late Duke of Westminster and Lord Falmouth sharing such ideas. They most certainly did not, and never failed to practice what their actions preached.

Apart from Tetratema, some of the horses that have been so much talked about in connection with the classic races were seen out. Thus Silvern placed a race to the credit of Sir Edward Hulton. He only had Lord Derby's Bideford to dispose of for the Gratwicke Stakes, and through having to make his own running—a thing some of the best horses in history used to object to—he came very near to being beaten. I think Silvern is a good horse now and is steadily improving. Quite possibly he will play a big part in connection with the St Leger. Sarchedon was trusted again, and he really would have won the Sussex Stakes had he cared to race to the end of his task. But there was no mistaking what he did this time. He deliberately shortened his stride when asked to maintain his advantage, and, as a horse should not do this when no tracing under pressure and going smoothly, you can only assume that he is seeking to "cut" it. He succeeded so well that he allowed Braishfield to come up and win. This is the horse that was bought by Mr. Gerald Deane to ensure a good pace for Buchan in the Eclipse Stakes, and here we had him beating Sarchedon and other winners of some note in March Along, Caligula and Bantry. He is one of the last of the sons of Bayardo and was bred by Lady James Douglas.

Talking as I did in the previous paragraph about ensuring a good pace reminds me that Mr. W. M. Cazalet probably owed the defeat of Kentish Cob for the Goodwood Cup to the fact that there was no horse to race along in his interests and so guarantee a true run race. Kentish Cob was, therefore, left to make his own running at what was no better than an exercise gallop. Not one of the other three jockeys would come to the rescue, for the good reason that they had been tied down with orders not to make running. Thus this long race of two miles

and five furlongs really became a sprint home in the last five furlongs instead of being a test of stamina, and the three year old Mount Royal, belonging to Lady Cunliffe-Owen, was able to win cleverly. Being only a three year old, he was receiving 24lb. from Kentish Cob. There was nothing in the previous record of this horse to suggest the idea that he would win this cup race. They merely thought that he was a natural stayer and that he might win in the absence from the field of any really good Cup horse. One could scarcely describe Kentish Cob as that, though he had the best pretensions. Mount Royal is by Royal Realm and was bred at the National Stud. He did not cost much as a yearling, but I think, all the same, his success reveals the nakedness of the land in the matter of old fashioned stayers as they were understood in the days when great horses of the period used to win the Goodwood, Doncaster and Ascot Cups.

The Stewards' Cup should have been won by Plymouth Rock. First of all, he lost many lengths at the start on the quick beginners. And then he was concerned in a bumping finish with Western Wave, the latter winning by a head. The objection, which was generally expected, followed, as a matter of course, and the Stewards—the Duke of Richmond, Lord Jersey (for Lord Durham), and Mr. Leonard Brassey—overruled it. I think they were wrong; and on a matter of this kind one is entitled to express an opinion.

The two year old racing at the meeting was disappointing. Allan Breck, Polly Flinders, Monarch, and one or two other notables of their age were absentees. Needle Eye failed rather miserably to beat a *débutante* in Mr. J. B. Joel's Gesture for the Ham Stakes. Then the latter later in the week was emphatically trounced by Evander and Glorioso for the Prince of Wales' Stakes. Evander is clearly the Duke of Portland's best two year old. Nymphida, the 5,100 guinea Tetrarch yearling made only a poor show for the Lavant Stakes, which the very speedy Volcanic won in most miserable weather conditions. That was on the second day. Sunblaze, a Sunstar colt, won the Richmond Stakes, but he is still backward and it took him a long time to account for Sir Edward Hulton's Sirrah, a half-brother to Fifiella, Silvern and Silver Tag. And mention may also be made of Sundart which won the Rous Memorial Stakes. PHILIPPOS.

## THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP

### AMERICA'S ENERGETIC AND EARLY PREPARATION.

IF America fails to win back the International Polo Cup next year in England it will not be because officials of the United States Polo Association lack foresight, nor will it be through a lack of preparatory effort. This was made clear to me in a complete dissection of the plans for the organisation and equipment of a champion team to represent the United States by Robert E. Strawbridge, sen., Philadelphia sportsman and horse lover, polo expert and huntsman, and one of the four men selected to make all arrangements for the selection of the American team. Mr. Strawbridge, who is working in conjunction with Harry Payne Whitney, leader of previous international champion teams; Devereaux Milburn, greatest back in polo; and Louis E. Stoddard of New Haven in his outline shows that already the country is being scoured for players and ponies. Players from all sections of the country are being put through the course of training and scrutiny which, it is anticipated, will, within the year, produce a team capable of winning back the laurels that were snatched away by the English team just prior to the war.

"Let it be clearly understood from the outset," is the first injunction that Mr. Strawbridge wanted made, "that every polo player is to have a chance to show his skill and try for a place on the team. No man is to be favoured. Our method will be to pick four men, the best that we can find at the outset, and have them meet all comers. If an outsider displays more ability than any member of the original quartet, he will be given a berth on the team. In this manner every aspirant will receive a fair chance to show his skill and eventually the best four will be selected. We feel that by adopting this method we will have more serious and strenuous competition, while at the same time we always will have four high-class men together who can be developing team play."

In this connection it is worth while pointing out that when Harry Payne Whitney originally conceived the idea of going after the International Polo Cup a decade ago, after it had reposed in England since the late nineties, he started with the basis of a four-man team picked from Meadowbrook. That team worked for more than a year developing original team-play ideas that Whitney had conceived. At the same time the training of the ponies was going on, with the result that when the United States four developed by Whitney clashed with the British quartet America's representatives won by sheer force of superior team-play.

Mr. Strawbridge was asked his opinion of the relative merits of the best polo players now available in this country and England. No man is in better position to speak upon this

subject, because Mr. Strawbridge is as familiar with English players and English horsemen as any man in that country. Prior to the war and up to the time we entered the struggle Mr. Strawbridge spent a considerable time in England, and had the distinction of being the only American chosen as Master of Hounds in a big English hunt club. He received that honour in England's most noted club at Melton Mowbray.

"There is little difference between the best men in each country," said Mr. Strawbridge. "One finds a great many more men whose handicaps are from six to eight goals abroad than in this country, where there are a scant few. This is due to the fact that the British practice continually. Most of their polo players are Army officers, who spend all their spare moments playing the game. The average American's entire day is taken up with business, consequently he has no time for this very necessary practice. As a result the majority of our men are less skilled, as is shown by the fact that we have a great number of players whose handicaps range from two to four."

It is understood that this deficiency in practice is to be made up when a team is picked. Those who are fortunate enough to be selected will be asked, it is said, to give virtually all of their time to polo play.

The pony problem also is receiving the attention of this committee. This is what Mr. Strawbridge has to say on that subject:

"What is true of the players also is true of the ponies. Their best is no better than ours. The American polo pony originally was the Western cow pony. However, it was found that this type, although it had many advantages—namely, endurance, intelligence and agility—was too slow. To overcome this it was crossed with the thoroughbred to get the necessary speed. These horses are brought up from Texas by the dealers in half-broken condition and are generally sold to inexperienced horsemen, who have not the two or three years necessary to give to the final training of a good polo pony. The Englishmen, to the contrary, go out several mornings a week to knock the ball around the field for a couple of hours. In this way they not only teach the pony the principles of the game but improve their own play as well."

When asked how the ponies for the American team would be obtained, Mr. Strawbridge said that the committee intended to purchase as many as its funds permitted, and it also hoped that a great many more would be loaned, as it would be impossible to train the required number between now and next summer.

T. D. RICHTER.

# LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

## ON SAILING.—VI. UNDER WAY AGAIN

BY FRANCIS B. COOKE.

**H**ERE we are snugly anchored in a nice quiet berth under a weather shore, and we can have lunch in comfort. I expect you are ready for it, too; I know I am. You at least have earned your lunch, for you've done uncommonly well in bringing your craft down the river without getting into trouble, and you certainly brought up in very seamanlike style. I said I would not help in sailing the boat, as I wanted to see how you would shape; but I don't mind giving you a hand in laying the table.

What nice bright knives! They will not keep like that very long unless you take care of them. Always grease them with butter after use, and some time, when you are ashore, just buy one of those tall sweet bottles with an airtight stopper. A bottle like that is just tall enough to take dinner knives, and you can't have anything better for the purpose. And, while I think of it, you should keep the salt in a small pickle bottle, the kind that Elizabeth Lazenby uses for pickled walnuts. It has a patent airtight stopper and is about the only thing I know that will keep salt in good condition afloat. If you use an ordinary jar the salt will always be wet, as it absorbs moisture from the air. You will find that a jam jar makes as good a receptacle for butter as anything, and, as I think I told you in a previous letter, bread is best kept in a large biscuit tin. If you strip off the paper and paint the tin, it will look quite decent and will not rust. And now for lunch, but first put on a kettle of fresh water to boil for washing-up purposes.

While we are having our meal I will give you a few hints that may be of use to you later on. You will notice that the yacht is at present lying very quietly, thanks to being brought up in a snug berth under a weather shore; and, if you value your comfort, you will always try and secure similar conditions when bringing up for the night. Unfortunately, one cannot always pick and choose one's berth, and sometimes you will have the wind blowing against the tide, which generally means rough water and a certain amount of discomfort. You will, no doubt, soon get used to the somewhat violent motion of a small yacht riding to a weather-going tide, but you will have to guard against her driving over her anchor and fouling it, or otherwise you may drag foul of some other craft or even drive ashore. To prevent the yacht fouling her anchor under such conditions you must give her a sheer, or, in other words, lash the tiller over to one side or the other. If the wind is dead astern—as a matter of fact it seldom is—you may sheer either way, but if the wind is coming over the quarter always sheer the boat to windward. Now, don't forget that, because it is important. If you sheered to leeward the yacht would soon break her sheer and would then begin to charge about all over the place and probably foul her anchor.

The chief objection to riding with wind against the tide is the dinghy-bumping nuisance. The dinghy, having far less draught than the yacht, is much more susceptible to the action of the wind, with the result that she blows up over the tide and bumps against the yacht. There is nothing more irritating than having to turn out of one's nice warm bed on a cold, wet night to look after a bumping dinghy. The common practice is to tie the bucket on the stern of the dinghy and drop it overboard. The bucket, having a good grip on the water, will restrain the antics of the dinghy so long as there is a good run of tide; but when the tide begins to slack off, a fresh puff of wind will force the little boat over it and she will begin to bump again—usually when you have just dropped off to sleep. A better plan, I find, is to drop the dinghy right astern on a long bass warp, which, floating on or near the surface of the water, offers an enormous resistance when the dinghy tries to drive over the tide. Of course, at slack water, when the tide is on the point of turning, even a bass warp will not hold back the boat, but in all probability she will blow right past the yacht and lie clear until the latter has swung.

If you adopt my tip, however, I should advise you to make sure that there is no other craft brought up close to you. On one occasion, when worried by a bumping dinghy on a dark, dirty night, I, in desperation, bent on to it a 40-fathom bass warp. Having seen the little boat disappear into the darkness astern, I turned in again and went to sleep. Soon I was awakened by a lot of shouting from a neighbouring boat, but thinking that the disturbance emanated from some yachtsmen who had been dining not wisely but too well, I merely turned over and went to sleep again. Presently I was awakened once

more by my neighbours, whose vocal achievements, backed by the raucous notes of a foghorn, were not to be denied. It was evident that I should have to turn out to see what the commotion was about. While I was pulling my oilskins over my pyjamas—a horrible combination—I distinctly heard them shout, "If you don't pull up your — boat we'll cut her adrift." I dallied no longer, but dashed out into the well. Owing to the heavy rain I could not see what was going on astern, but the crew of the other yacht hastened to inform me in terms that were more forcible than polite. I was no longer surprised at their annoyance, for to be bumped by somebody else's dinghy is to approach within measurable distance of "the limit." In the circumstances I think even the Pygmalion adjective was pardonable.

Another little matter to which I should like to call your attention is that of anchor stowage. I noticed when we were under way that you were carrying your anchor at the stemhead with the stock across the bow and the crown hauled up to the rail. Now, that is neither desirable nor convenient. In the first place, it is not good practice to carry weight right on the nose of a small yacht, as it is apt to make her unduly wet in a head sea; and, secondly, the stock and arm of an anchor thus carried are likely to foul the jib sheets when you go about.



"IF YOU DON'T PULL YOUR — BOAT IN WE'LL CUT HER ADRIFT."

The best place for the anchor when you are under way is on deck in the neighbourhood of the mast. It should be stowed on deck in such a position that half the stock lies close against the foremost shroud. The arms of the anchor are then flat on deck, the shank, near the crown, resting in a chock screwed to the deck. As the other end of the shank rests on the rail, and is, consequently, raised an inch or two above the level of the deck, it will usually be found that the stock lies nicely against the shroud to which it is secured by a short line permanently attached to the shroud for the purpose. If this line be so placed that it comes just at the end of the stock, it is impossible for the foresail sheet to foul the anchor. By stowing the anchor in this manner the weight is brought well aft and the anchor is always ready for immediate use, as one has merely to untie the lashing, lift the anchor and drop it overboard. When the anchor is lifted on deck care should be taken to pass it outside the bowsprit shroud. The anchor of a small craft of four or five tons can be lifted easily by hand by a man of average physique, but should the anchor be too heavy to "fist," a tackle consisting of two single blocks should be fitted to the masthead for the purpose.



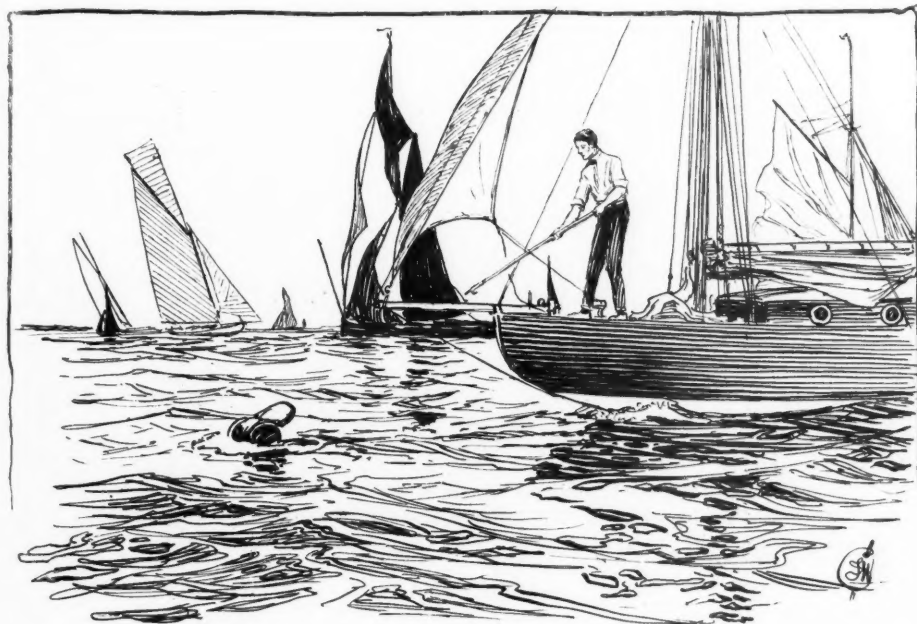
And now, I think, we had better be getting under way again if we are to save our daylight back to our moorings. The conditions, you will notice, are much the same as when we got under way this morning, for although the wind is off the shore, it is still forward of the beam. You can therefore set all your sails, but must give her plenty of mainsheet or otherwise the mainsail will fill and drive her over her anchor. But first of all, heave short on your cable. Get in the chain until it is nearly up and down. That's enough! Now set the peak of the mainsail and slack away the topping lift. Now set the jib; I should leave the foresail until you are under way as you will then have a clear fore deck upon which to work. Are you all ready? Then haul the jib a little to weather and belay the sheet. Now break out the anchor; it won't require much strength as the chain is quite short and she will almost worry it out herself with the jib aback. There you are; now rattle in the chain until you sight the anchor; you need not worry about the boat as she is hove-to. You have plenty of sea room, so you may as well stow the anchor as I suggested just now. You can lash the crown to the mast with a bit of line; it will be quite secure like that until you get a chock fitted for the shank. That's the style! Now set the foresail and then come aft and trim the sheets.

She will fetch up here comfortably, but before you haul your wind round the point you will have to reef. The wind has hardened a lot since the morning. Look; her covering board is all awash and, of course, you will not be able to carry

I am glad to see you have a loose-footed mainsail. Such a sail is considered a trifle old-fashioned nowadays, but, for all that, it has its advantages for cruising purposes. With a loose-footed sail, when you reef you have merely to pull up to the points the small portion of the sail that you are taking in, but when the sail is laced to the boom you have to pull down to the spar the sail with the wind in it, which is quite another story. Moreover, a laced sail when reefed holds a good deal of water in the foot, which is not desirable. It is astonishing what a lot of water the foot of the mainsail will trap when there is an almost continuous shower of spray coming over the weather bow.

You have done that very smartly, but your labours are not over yet. As you have reduced your after canvas you must proportionately reduce the head sail to restore the balance; in other words, you must shift jibs. Heave her to again and get out the No. 2 jib. Now take in the jib you have set. First ease up the outhaul and let the traveller slide inboard along the bowsprit. The orthodox way is to haul on the weather sheet so that the sail will come inboard to windward of the foresail. But when you are single-handed you have to do things rather differently. You see, having her hove-to with the foresail a-weather you have not deck-room conveniently to handle the jib on the weather side, so you must let it come in to leeward of the foresail. That's right! now let go the halyard and muzzle the sail in your arms as it comes down. Cast off the halyard and sheets and see they do not get adrift and then unhook the tack from the traveller. Now you can set the No. 2 jib in the usual way.

She is much more comfortable to steer now, isn't she? She is not heeling so much as she did before you reduced sail, but she is travelling just as fast, if not faster, as she no longer has to drag her rail and lee rigging through the water. The tide has turned now and it will be a bit rough before we get back to our moorings, so we had better get into our oilskins. You must handle her with care when going about in rough water, particularly on the lee shore, as you don't want to risk missing stays and getting aground, do you? Ramp her along for a moment before putting down the helm and be careful not to haul in the jib until the clew has blown clear of the forestay. Now that the tide has gathered some strength we are moving over the bottom pretty fast and shall soon be back at our moorings. Picking up moorings is a rather ticklish job for a novice, so I will give you a few hints.



RUN BACK AGAINST THE TIDE UNDER THE JIB.

so much sail when you are close hauled. I think you had better get down a reef now while you have plenty of sea room. First haul the foresail a-weather and heave her to, and then you will be able to leave the tiller without fear of her misbehaving herself. That's right! Now set up the topping lift and then lower away the gaff sufficiently to enable you to get the first reef earing and tack down. The tackle is already bent on to the first reef-earing—you will remember that we saw to that before getting under way this morning—so just cast off the fall and haul on it until the reef cringle is down to the bee blocks on the boom. Now you have got to secure the reef earing without allowing it to slip even an inch. The best plan in a small craft is to have a strong cleat on the boom for belaying the earing, but as there is not one fitted you must make shift without. Hang on to the earing like grim death with one hand while you cast off the tackle with the other. Now take a couple of turns round the boom with the earing. Good; you haven't lost anything and can easily hold it now while you make it secure with a clove hitch.

For safety's sake pass a mainsail tye twice round the boom and through the reef cringle and tie it. That will also keep the clew of the sail well down to the boom. You can now secure the tack cringle to the gooseneck with a short length of rope and then "sweat" up the main and peak and set the sail. That's the style! You now have the boat under control and can tie down the points at your leisure, but be sure you tie reef knots and not "grannies." Above all, don't tie up the reef tackle in the points or you will find yourself in a mess should you want to get down the second reef in a hurry.

When picking up a mooring what you have to do is to bring your craft to the buoy with no way on, and how to do it must depend upon the conditions of wind and tide that obtain. To-day we shall approach our mooring with a weathergoing tide, that is to say, we shall be beating up to it with a strong tide beneath us. Now just remember this; you must not attempt to pick up a mooring *with* the tide, for if you succeeded in getting the buoy on board, which is not likely, you would probably break the buoy-rope. The proper way to get a mooring is against the tide. With the conditions as they are to-day you must therefore beat right past the mooring and then lower away the mainsail and foresail and run back against the tide under the jib. When you are within a yard or two of the buoy you can let the jib sheet fly and if you judge it nicely, the boat will lose her way when the buoy is just under the bow and within easy reach of your boathook.

Sometimes you may have to approach your mooring with a fair wind and tide, and in such circumstances it will not pay you to sail past the buoy and return, as you would have to beat back against the tide, possibly with a light wind. Under such conditions you should stow your headsails before reaching the anchorage and sail well to leeward of the mooring. When abreast of the buoy, or thereabouts, haul in the mainsheet and round her up to the mooring. To make a seamanlike job of this it is essential that you know your boat, and it also calls for nice judgment, for you must go just the right distance to leeward of the mooring and luff up at just the right moment. If you do it well your vessel will come head to wind and tide with practically no way on, with the mooring buoy just under her bow.

It is, however, a manœuvre that requires practice, and until you feel sure of yourself you had better keep your jib set until you have the buoy on board so that you can get the boat under control at once should you miss the buoy. If the wind should be on the beam your best plan would be to pick up the mooring against the tide under headsails if you were single-handed; but if you had a smart crew, you could shoot up to it from down to leeward, lowering away the mainsail as soon as you had secured the buoy rope and before the yacht had time to swing to the tide.

Here we are back again on our moorings and we have had a jolly sail, haven't we? Now you must make up the mainsail and stow away. The sails are all damp, but I suppose you will be using the boat again to-morrow and they will soon get dry then. But don't coat the mainsail or it may get mildewed. Just stow it loosely. For the same reason don't fold up the

head-sails, but put them away loose in the locker so that the air can get to them. If you are not going to sail tomorrow, tell your man to air the sails at the first opportunity. Belay the halyards slack, for should it come on to rain during the night they would shrink, and if belayed taut all the life would be stretched out of them. To prevent chafing you had better frap the halyards. You don't know what that means? Well, take one of the halyards, say the main, and pass it round the mast two or three times before belaying it. That will prevent the ropes from tapping against the mast should there be a breeze in the night. Get the mooring buoy on board and coil down the buoy rope, and also coil the mainsheet. There, I think that is everything, and so I will get you to put me ashore. But just haul down your burgee before we go as it is just about sunset, and it is a breach of yachting etiquette to fly flags after sunset.

## SOME of the OTHER BEST GUNMAKERS

THE longer I live the more reasons I discover for admiring the best London gun. It is one of the relics of our past pre-eminence in handicraft; but, unlike most of the other examples of this mode of production, it has not been supplanted by more modern and more economical processes of construction. With the sole exception of the engraving, every pound spent on its production produces useful results attainable in no other way. Surely the engraving may be excused, for it adds but a small percentage to the cost, gives meaning and embellishment to the outline, and proclaims the total what it is—a work of art, that is to say, mechanical art. When high-class guns are spoken of the names ordinarily rattled off are Purdey, Holland and Boss. But the list is far from complete, for there are something like a dozen makers of best guns. The present article aims at making some of the comparatively neglected names better known. No particular system has dictated the present selection; in fact, some might claim that the standard list should be increased to four so that the obviously missing name should be included. These invidious distinctions do not trouble me, for I look on all best guns as best, no matter who makes them or where they are produced.

For instance, Powell of Birmingham has been included, a firm which is often described as the Purdey of Birmingham. The specimen of his workmanship as here illustrated is a fit representative of the description "best." To say exactly what "best" means when applied to a gun would be difficult, since many of the details turn upon finish; and to separate the component elements of finish into utility and mere conscientious striving after perfection of form and surface would at once entangle us in distinctions of a very perplexing order. On the utility side of a gun is balance, perfect trigger release and sound jointing. The first mainly comprises the fashioning of the barrels so that they observe the necessary weight restriction, at the same time providing ample strength to resist the pressure of the powder gases. Further, the barrels must possess a reasonably long "life." By "life" should be understood the substance of barrel wall necessary to accommodate the raising of dents and the sundry polishings which may prove to be necessary when the gun is sent in for overhauling. The trigger release depends not only on the quality of the locks, but on their general fitting and adjustment. This point again need not be laboured—it has many ramifications, but their sum total is workmanship. The same is true about the jointing; for a gun is, after all, but a hinge, a hinge that must know no shake, that opens and closes with what engineers call a sucking fit. Associated with the hinge is the locking bolt, which is operated by the top lever, also the cocking and the safety and the ejector mechanism, truly a wonderful total of functions to comprise in such a small compass. The watch provides no appropriate parallel, for it is at its best when machine made, and it has not to withstand pressure up to a limit of some six tons to the square inch, nor are its parts and functions of the percussive order. The Powell firm and its workers are a happy family among themselves, modern industrial strife having left them still united, with but one end before them, to maintain and, if possible, enhance the traditions of their firm. Since many of the finer outlines of a gun occur in the arrangement of the under surface an illustration showing this view of the Powell gun has been included in the series.

Messrs. Atkin of Jermyn Street take their name from the late Henry Atkin, who has only been dead a few years. It is a comparatively new firm, but like so many others in the trade, it is constituted of men to whom the art of gun-making is a family tradition. Nobody presumably ever heard of a gunmaker commonly spoken of as Hodges of Islington, but he has made many splendid barrels and actions in his time—what is known as working for the trade. His age now nears ninety, and he has just retired, but Lionel Hodges, his son, is a part proprietor of the Jermyn Street business. Appleton, the other principal, worked for many years with Mr. Atkin, and in due course succeeded him. What is remarkable about the Atkin best gun is that it is made on the Purdey system, a system which is commonly characterised

as requiring Purdey to make it. Its prime distinction from other guns is that the breech flies open the moment the lever is operated and remains open to the fullest extent, so providing a permanently clear space for loading. In other words, the gun cocks on closure. In point of fact, this is not quite correct, for the hammer does fly to the cocked position on the opening of the gun, but there is no mainspring resistance. The mainspring is given its setting during the act of closure, and that is why casual examination suggests that cocking then takes place. Ordinary guns when once cocked so remain, therefore the cocking effort is not experienced unless they have been fired. The Purdey system uncrams and recrams the mainsprings on every occasion of opening and closing. The fact that the firm of Atkin have built up their reputation on the production of this system of mechanism is alone a testimonial to their workmanship. Balance and other details follow in natural sequence.

Of course, we all regret that London's best gun should nowadays cost somewhere in the region of 120 guineas. Before the war it was a thin proposition at rather more than half the price. To-day, it is rather thinner, so that there cannot possibly be profiteering. In fact, if it were not for general merchanting transactions, the cartridge orders, off-season storage fees and odd repairs, a gun business would not pay its way. Even if we admit that a pair of guns, running into the best part of £250, will last a lifetime, we must also recognise that some cannot afford what amounts to a capital charge. Calculations as to the general cost of shooting prove that the amount allocated to gun purchase and maintenance is but a small annual charge and an insignificant percentage of the total. Guns other than best are, nevertheless, a necessity to those who cannot afford the economy of buying a long way ahead. Messrs. Atkin supply a well finished gun of the cheaper class, but mention of it and of corresponding models made by other firms must await a later opportunity.

Messrs. Joseph Lang and Son, like the other gunmakers on my present list, cater for a list of customers who are sufficiently good judges to insist on the best and know where they can get it. The reason, perhaps, why there are so many firms at the very top of the list is that an article requiring at all stages the special attention which a gun must receive lends itself better to a small scale of production than a large one. For instance, if this article led to 100 new gun orders being sent to the firms named, I doubt whether the rate of output could be increased by a single gun during the next twelvemonth. Orders at the present time are much in excess of the power of production. At any rate, the available staff of workers in this highly specialised craft is practically a fixed quantity. Four years of interrupted production have to be made up, to say nothing of the effect of reduced working hours and the very trying disturbances which have resulted from the blank period. Mr. Herbert White, managing director of Lang's, assured me by telephone during the actual writing of this article that he places at one year the period necessary for the trade to get things once again into smooth-running order and to bring deliveries into reasonable relationship with the receipt of orders. Extra hands are not available, as in most other businesses. In fact, I have several times been assured that thoroughly competent gunsmiths who have devoted their lives to the production of ordinary quality guns require at least three years before they can accustom themselves to the precision and care called for in doing best work. If it is objected that the amount of care taken is overdone and that the result could be obtained in cheaper ways, the reply must be that competition has been striving for several generations to produce the mechanical equivalent of a best gun at a cheaper price. Yet nobody has succeeded. I cannot here detail the differences as they are exhibited in practical use, but I can confidently affirm that the experienced sportsman, when giving his order, is inspired mainly by the utilitarian aspects of the best gun.

Last, but never least, is the firm of Beesley, for the name is associated with a quality of workmanship which finds its patrons among some of the most discerning of sportsmen. Mr. Frederick



Beesley is also an inventor of great renown in the trade, which has now known him for a long term of years. Like many another gunmaker who has risen from the status of workman to master, he was proud to retain the apron as his badge of office. He not only wore it, but during practically the entire length of his career he himself did the final stripping and regulation of every gun which was turned out, and he never relinquished the task until his son was competent to take it over. When 16-bores first began to be seriously entertained he devoted great attention to their design and proportions, his idea having been to incorporate all the advantages of a lessened total weight with a scale of dimensions which would avoid the popgun suggestion of the ordinary small bore. The gun illustrated is of this calibre, and it carries the particular design of carved leaf fence which so often appears on the firm's productions. Though Mr. Beesley now allows himself some of the leisure which might have been his much earlier, his inventive faculties are allowed but little rest. In association with his son he produced the wonderful design of under-and-over gun which is exhibited in their well known window in St. James' Street. Not only are the barrels under-and-over, but the locks and triggers are correspondingly arranged.

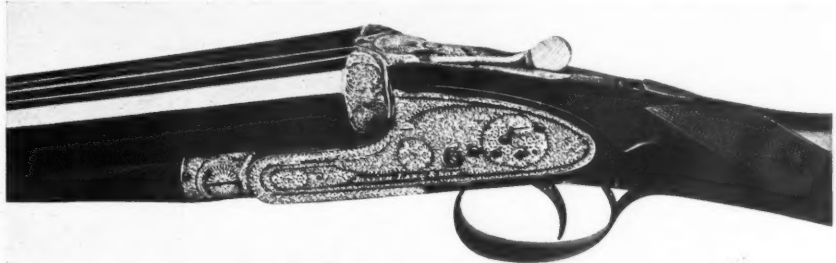
As to the question of balance in a gun I always maintain that the more widely its fundamental characteristics are made known the better will good work be appreciated and the sooner will laggards receive the spur from their customers. Good balance is essentially lightness of extremities, and it is not to be tested by locating the centre of gravity of the complete gun. The following table shows the method of analysis :

Weight of Barrels ..	Beesley 16-bore, 29in. barrels, Balance at 9in.		Lang 12-bore, 29in. barrels, Balance at 9in.		Powell 12-bore, 29in. barrels, Balance at 9 3/4in.		Atkin 12-bore, 29in. barrels, Balance not recorded.	
	lb.	oz.	lb.	oz.	lb.	oz.	lb.	oz.
Stock and action	2	10.4	2	14.4	3	0.1	2	12.9
Fore-end	2	15.5	3	3.4	3	4.0	3	5.1
	0	5.5	0	6.8	0	6.1	0	6.3
Total	5	15.4	6	8.6	6	10.2	6	8.3

Inferior balance occurs when the barrel weight is ounces heavier than 3lb., and the total is made right by lightness of stock and action, or, alternatively, when the total weight of gun is made excessive by the surplus in the barrels, stock and action being then normal or even inclined to lightness. One element of balance not touched by the above table is the weight of the stock. Under good conditions the wood-work weighs but a few ounces over the pound. If a dense sample of timber is employed, its weight is diminished without loss of strength by drilling holes from the butt end and plugging them at the surface. Good guns are frequently treated in this way. The other kind is sometimes weighted in the butt so as to satisfy the balancing test when applied to the assembled weapon. Very seldom has a light stock to be weighted, but the exception occurs in the matching of a pair of guns. Even then one would prefer that the adjustment be made by forming cavities in the heavier piece of timber. In the Beesley 16-bore the barrels represent 45 per cent. of the total gun weight, in the Lang 12-bore 44 per cent., in the Powell 45 per cent., and in the Atkin 43 per cent. The figures for the Atkin are somewhat exceptional. Having omitted to weigh the gun here illustrated, I substituted the particulars of another Atkin gun which I analysed some months ago, because it struck me as exceptionally finely balanced. The above are practically standard figures for best work. Pigeon guns, though fully 11lb. heavier, reproduce the same proportions. Roughly, the

above figures imply that if stock and action is put in one pan of a pair of scales and barrels in the other the last named need 4oz. or 5oz. added to turn the beam. I once had to examine a wildfowl gun bored for 3in. cases, with which the owner did rather worse than when using his ordinary game gun. The barrels weighed 4lb. 10oz., the stock and action 3lb. 4 1/2oz., and the fore-end 6 1/2oz., giving a total weight of 7lb. 12oz. Here the barrels were right out of proportion.

MAX BAKER.



LANG'S SINGLE TRIGGER 12-BORE.



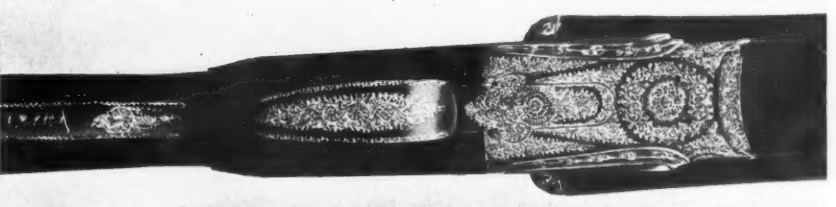
BEESLEY'S 16-BORE.



ATKIN'S 12-BORE ON THE PURDEY SYSTEM.



POWELL'S 12-BORE.



UNDERNEATH VIEW OF POWELL'S 12-BORE.

## SHOOTING KIT

IF our prophets are to be believed, shooting men will do well to pay special regard to their outfit from the point of view of promoting efficiency in walking. There is not now and never will be any standardised shooting costume—in fact, the most that can be said is that certain fundamental conditions have to be met and that the individual chooses his own way of meeting them. True, he has the best of collaboration from his tailor, his hatter, his bootmaker and all the other specialists who minister to his needs. Do we not know that the West End trade is *facile princeps* throughout the world, being possibly the only British industry which is in a position to make so sweeping a claim.

### KNICKERBOCKERS v. BREECHES.

Granting that shooting calls for greater freedom of bodily movement than any other sport which is practised in what amounts to ordinary clothing, the requirements are very exacting. Shooting, unlike golf, knows no fairway, nor is it provided with planks over ditches. Walking across the drills of a well grown field of turnips, or maybe across potatoes, to say nothing of moorland, has been likened to everlasting stair-climbing. Certainly the proficient walker over made roads discovers to his early discomfiture that certain muscles groan over the unaccustomed task, the resulting cramp and fatigue to a great extent diminishing the ardour of pursuit. Not exactly fashion, but more nearly natural selection is moving very decidedly away from the semi-riding-breeches style of leg covering, the strict knickerbocker costume having taken its place. King Edward's favourite photograph of himself first drew general attention to its merits. There is, of course, a certain bagginess about this design which has taken time to get used to, but each season witnesses an improved handling of the various problems which are involved in its realisation. True, the military tradition has made the entire male population of the country familiar with the tight-at-knee breeches, but these are not favoured for shooting, except by those to whom a tight wrapping round the knee is a necessity. Various exceptions apart, there is no doubt that the knee-lifting called for in negotiating roots, steep inclines or fences makes absolute freedom of the critical walking joint essential. The riding-breeches style of design lacks the liberal margin of length which ensures this quality. True, the professional claims full control over so minor a detail, but in practice the cloth tightens at the moment of maximum lift, and this puts a brake on motion which hastens the feeling of fatigue. The ample width as well as length of the knickerbocker incidentally confers the advantage that when wetted by rain the sodden cloth hangs clear of the very sensitive knee.

### STOCKINGS AND THEIR SUPPORT.

Stocking support is a problem the successful solution of which very greatly influences the walking powers. In many knickerbockers the narrow cloth strap and buckle are supposed to act as garter to a stocking drawn above the knee, but the stocking finds insufficient support unless the strap is drawn rather tight. In studying this particular question one must never forget that the arteries which deliver blood to the leg are situated internally and that the veins which provide for the return journey are at the surface. Therefore anything in the nature of a garter tends to restrict the free return of the blood to the heart, with the result that an undue blood pressure, and consequent excess of fatigue, is experienced below the level where congestion is set up. Where varicose tendencies exist this question is very important. The natural stocking support is the taper from the thickest part of the calf to the lesser circumference exactly under the knee. Breeches carry continuations which closely fit this natural cone, and so provide all necessary support for turned-down stockings. The continuation may either be a closed tube which just passes the calf, or it may be drawn in by buttons or laces. Buttons are best avoided in shooting breeches, because of the discomfort they cause when kneeling; laces, on the other hand, lie quite flat, and can be adjusted to the ever liable to vary dimensions of the leg, yet do not need undoing or even slacking when dressing or undressing. A very comfortable alternative form of continuation is a soft cloth band some four inches deep and having no closing device, being merely held to the required circumference by a zin. overlap, the pressure of turned-down stockings locking the joint, so to speak.

### THE SHOOTING COAT.

The "sports jacket" is so much an article of cheap commerce that the shooting man may be forgiven if his whole idea is to satisfy the requirements of shooting with the smallest possible appearance of being dressed for the part. Just, therefore, as the popular jacket emphasises every possible item of specialisation, so the shooting man endeavours to avoid the devices which were originally designed for his exclusive use. Nevertheless, the pleated back, preferably with a concealed elastic lacing, gives a freedom of shoulder humping, greatly aiding gun manipulation. The front pleats have less apparent utility, but they certainly add greatly to warmth in a garment which has often to combine the functions of an overcoat. Big pockets, again, are valuable for the stowage of cartridges, and the belt is instrumental in taking their weight on the hips and so leaving the shoulders free of

restraint. Nevertheless, with a loader in attendance one carries no cartridges at all, or at most a half-dozen for emergency use. When shooting with but one gun and no loader a dozen or so in each pocket is usually a sufficient supply. The main storage is duly consigned to the care of one of those willing assistants who always offer you more when you are full up and disappear when supplies are running low. Certainly, I have never known the capacity of the pocket which will swallow a dinner plate, to be taxed anywhere near the limit.

Tastes differ considerably as to the buttoning of the shooting coat—perhaps I should call it the coat used for shooting. Many indulge in the ordinary waistcoat beneath, and allow the coat to remain open, with, perhaps, only one button fastened. From the point of view of strict shooting utility I very strongly favour a coat which avoids the *négligé* style of the lounge suit and is so made and cut that its most comfortable position is with all buttons fastened, the top one so high as to show but a minimum of shirt. A nice clear surface to promote the lifting of the butt to the shoulder is better assured by a fully buttoned coat than by one with flapping sides or a roll collar and other impediments. A nicer bedding for the butt is also so assured. Shooting conditions similarly suggest that the knitted waistcoat of fleecy, slippery Shetland wool is a better undergarment than the ordinary cloth waistcoat *en suite* with the rest of the suit.

The height of top button has also some influence on the visibility of the shooter, for everybody is agreed that the first thing seen by an approaching bird is any whiteness around the neck. If the shirt is of dark colour its exposure is immaterial, and with the coloured collars now so generally in use, fashion has dealt with this particular scintillating point of visibility.

Just where I have left the coat question I am not very clear. It will certainly be made of the same cloth as the breeches or knickerbockers. It must be cut or otherwise fashioned so as to give ample freedom for an arm position similar to that adopted when rowing a boat. The sleeve holes must be very easy, the fullness at the shoulder should be gathered in at the waist, maybe by a half-belt; the pockets should accommodate a reasonable supply of cartridges and have a flap which can be tucked in so that the contents are readily accessible. One rule should know no exceptions. Have the shooting coat unlined and without a breast pocket on the right. As regards coloration I should say go several shades lighter than seems reasonable when choosing the cloth indoors. Remember that nearly all projections from the earth are light in colour, being bleached by the sun or rain: the grass tuft, the weathered rock and so on. The final test of colour camouflage is to look round for your companion when only two of you are out and have temporarily drifted apart. He of the quiet heather mixture is seen at once, looking for all the world like a tarred tree trunk, conversely the eye passes a dozen times over the man of bleached raiment without realising that he is something more than a splash of top light.

### SHOOTING CAPS.

Of men's shooting caps little that is instructive can be said. Each must decide for himself whether he will legislate for the rainy day and have a poke back and front, or will adopt the lighter tweed or the simple cap. Felt, I understand, is not recommended by the profession. Perhaps the principal thing to study is avoidance of the condition which is denoted by constant mopping of the heated brow, by proper ventilation.

### SHOOTING BOOTS.

Space does not permit dealing with the question of footwear at the length so important a question would demand. According to the ground, the season and the weather in prospect, each individual must decide for himself whether to specialise for protection from wet or for walking ease. Though British weather is capable of very nasty moods, the odds are strongly in favour of comparatively fine conditions. The remarkable change during the past twenty years from boots to shoes for ordinary town wear has naturally influenced the choice made for shooting. Shoes unassisted by spat-gaiters are to be avoided, for the laces are regularly untied by the scrub which is traversed, while small stones and dirt are constantly finding an entry. It is astonishing what ground you can walk over dry-shod in shoes which are protected in the manner stated. Ankle suppleness is a great boon, and the added walking powers are considerable. Many no doubt will utilise the opportunity to wear once more their old trench boots.

### RAIN PROTECTION.

Of capes and mackintoshes for rainy occasions I have yet to speak. My personal preference precludes the cape, because you have to throw it back when requiring to shoot, hence its use is limited to walking from one stand to another and for the occasions when no birds are expected to come along (and that is just when they turn up). In my experience the only real inconvenience associated with a moderate wetting is the miserable dragged condition which very quickly involves the ends of one's sleeves. This trouble entirely disappeared when I adopted the shirt cuff style of sleeve end. The cartridge pocket keeps wonderfully dry when attention is paid to this question of sleeve bottoms. May I conclude by thanking those who have contributed ideas for this article.

M.



## SHOOTING LUNCHES

**S**PECIALISED apparatus for the serving of shooting lunches is in scarce supply, wicker for baskets, enamelled iron ware, and glass—to name only a few details and not to mention labour and other obstacles which stand in the way of routine production. These and other details I have culled in the course of a tour among our leading specialists.

In a very general way the prime distinction between food served at home and that served under *al fresco* conditions is that in the one case most of the receptacles are round and in the other oblong. The oblong food receptacle—during the journey a box, on the table a dish—is certainly a triumph of specialisation which few can afford to ignore. Once this admission is made the rest follows, for the problem of stowing any particular selection of contents is necessarily the same as that with which luncheon basket specialists have been struggling for at least half a century. Those natty little kettles, with spirit stoves beneath, are really most seductive in their appeal, and whether their office is to make tea or coffee, the kettle becomes the pot when the critical moment of boiling arrives. Students of the various steam-siphoning coffee machines will then get a shock; for when all is said, the essential to good coffee making is to bring the water back to the boil after the coffee has been added and to maintain it at a gentle simmer until the last bubble of entangled air has been driven out of the coffee grains. These then sink to the bottom, and the result is as perfect as the quality of the coffee ordains. Concerning this particular question of kettles, I encountered a Philistine so far as shooting lunches are concerned, for he condemned every sort of specialised kettle. He said, "borrow the biggest and oldest the cook will allow to go out of her possession, stow it in any sort of receptacle where the soot won't do any harm, and if it does get left behind or is rendered unseaworthy by rough treatment, no great financial damage is done."

### HOW TO PACK BREAD AND SANDWICHES.

The number comprising the party is an elastic quantity, the provision of drinks varies with habit and season; the nature of the food, whether hot or cold, is dictated by the same condition—in fact, the intellectually planned basket which is right for the average occasion may be wrong on others. One enthusiast in dealing with these problems propounded a very wise solution. He said, let the fitted basket house the central essentials, but never omit to be provided with a second basket to hold the extras and the sundry oddments which are dictated by the needs of each special occasion. The originator of the suggestion as to borrowing the kettle from the cook contributed another very valuable hint on similar lines. It was, never to burden the main basket with the duty of carrying bread. The staff of life is best carried in a sack, or preferably a specially made canvas bag. This suggestion is very practical, for bread, to retain its crispness, must not be confined in any sort of closed receptacle. There must be free evaporation at the surface, otherwise the moisture escaping from the middle will render the crust sodden. This question of moisture is really worth considering scientifically, for it prevents the packing of cake and biscuits in the same box. They must not be stored in company, since one is boxed to keep it moist, the other to maintain its dryness.

Anything in the sandwich line suffers as a rule from air-tight packing. Careful cooks, we know, keep grease paper for these occasions, but when the package is opened a smell of sour dough is usually exuded and it lingers for some time after unpacking. My own recipe is to use a porous style of paper, not too tightly fastened, and to protect the top and bottom layers of bread with supplementary slices of wafer thickness. These are thrown away when the package is opened, and there is no hard surface on the outside sandwiches. Perhaps it is a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous to talk about sandwiches in company with the more complicated menu under discussion, but really a few delicately prepared anchovy paste or other sandwiches of the *hors d'œuvre* order, cut *à la Sweeting*, are a most delicious accompaniment to a cocktail. This last is in theory avoided by most of us, but few resist its allurements when the temptation is presented. Mix in a wine bottle—first one inch depth of orange bitters, then gin and your favourite brand of vermouth. Proportions need not be stated, for really you can't go far wrong, and unstudied variety is the true essence of success. The only thing is don't serve in a mug.

### HOT DISHES FOR CHILLY DAYS.

Hot boxes are, perhaps, the most noteworthy aid to a shooting lunch. Outside they are a sort of plainly varnished packing case, larger than a hat box, smaller perhaps than a kettle-drum. The inside view discloses a sort of tin bucket closely packed around with felt. Inside the bucket are three removable tins, one large and two smaller ones, the first holding meat, the others vegetables. A small joint or a chicken may be inserted intact, but is better still if cut into slices or portions. Of vital consequence is to remember that food so packed cannot arrive hotter than the temperature of insertion. Therefore, scald the tins before inserting their contents, and in the case of the meat, float the tin, raft fashion, in a pan of boiling water during the carving process. Gravy must, of course, be decanted into a

Thermos flask, though even here I understand that invention has triumphed over the losses arising from fragile construction, for a new sort, known as the Stanley, has made its appearance, glass being replaced with enamelled sheet steel. Plates must, of course, be "hotted" by means of the aforesaid kettle, a moderate measure of heating sufficing for the purpose.

Soup at shooting-parties is a great reviver after one of those days when the wind seems to be gifted with unusual penetrating qualities. Most of my consultants do not appear to rise to a greater height of originality than the ordinary soup plate, which involves a special spoon, another dish to pack, carry and clean up, and it is a thousand to one against the chilled partaker hitting off the psychological moment when it may be absorbed in one long body-warming gulp. My own experience in another connection wholly favours the serving of soup in those enamelled iron one-pint mugs of not very pleasing exterior. The ordinary teaspoon serves for apparatus, and sip follows sip, each warming you by degrees and bringing you nearer to the delicious moment when you may encircle the entire charge in affectionate embrace. A little legerdemain will ensure the arrival of the same spoon spick and span when the coffee is served. True, there are the mugs to pack, but they are wonderful receptacles for every sort of oddment, including jellies, which may be turned out on arrival. This species of enamelware is practically unobtainable to-day, for reasons which may be guessed at, but had better not be divulged. The carriage of hot soup is a detail to which I have not devoted particular attention, for the omnipotent Primus stove has hitherto solved all my problems of heating; but I imagine that a wicker-covered gallon whisky jar would make the beginning of a fine heat-retaining receptacle, a felt bag or a box stuffed with hay doing the rest. Coffee certainly keeps warm for a long time when correspondingly treated.

The designer of luncheon basket apparatus is so well versed in all the varied aspects of his profession that he never loses sight of the fact that many shooting lunches are partaken of in places inaccessible to cars. Here the mule or pony, with pannier baskets slung on either side, is the sole means of transport (always remembering elephants, etc., in their proper habitat), and packages must be proportioned accordingly. Even so, there is opening for equally distinguished triumphs, for a born organiser shines when difficulties have to be overcome. To keep a hot thing hot or a cold thing cold is, after all, but two aspects of the same problem, that is, heat insulation.

### COLD DISHES.

Over-elaboration of the menu is always to be avoided, therefore, if ideas bristle in seeming excess of number when the subject is considered theoretically, the excuse, or rather the explanation, must be that you do not in practice crowd all your ideas into one menu. Jam tarts and cheesecakes, by the way, are the great stand-by of a shooting meal. Very often they follow "something hot," their merit being that they involve no extra plate or special cutlery for serving.

As for the preparation of those cold dishes which have that something about them which makes perfect cooking impossible of definition, I have gathered a few hints from M. Meus, head chef to the firm of Fortnum and Mason. Rather to gratify personal curiosity than in the hope of procuring any ideas to be usefully transcribed into this article, I sought from Colonel Wylde, managing director of the business, the necessary introduction. Ox tongues clothed in delicate jelly, partridges, pheasants and ducks, deprived of every particle of bone and sleeping peacefully in an atmosphere of good things, visible through the transparent jelly medium which encompassed them—these results may be but the ordinary expression of high-class cuisine, but they solve a multitude of shooting lunch and similar problems.

Here at Fortnum and Mason's the command of best materials and the satisfying of a daily demand permit art to be reduced to daily routine methods of manufacture. From the kitchens, with their battery of ovens, to the tempting array of delicacies arranged on the counter near the entrance, at every step I realised that I had chosen the wrong vocation.

What was practical about the information procured is that organisation abbreviates the period between the arrival of the raw material and its conversion into cooked food, so ensuring a sufficient margin of time for delivering the dishes in palatable and wholesome condition over a wide radius. Preservatives are not used, but delicate suggestions of spiciness serve much the same purpose.

So much glorification of luncheon would be amiss without some suitable reference to the collation provided for the beaters. These gentry are hard to tempt out for a day's sport nowadays, but a carefully arranged lunch is successful when other lures fail. Beer is subject to more vagaries of quality and condition than whisky or wine. It should be of the very best. The meat provided deserves the most careful selection and cooking. Shooting is a great sport, nobody expects to make it a cheap one, but at the finish its success largely depends on the untiring conscientiousness of the beaters. To see that they have a good lunch is but an item in the total of organisation which every shooting day involves, but it is an item which repays continuous attention. Good news of this sort has a wide circulation.

SHOT.

## FATALISM AT GOLF

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

**A**LITTLE while ago I was playing golf with my friend, M, and on each of the first two greens, by much pains and labour, I managed to hole a putt of some six feet. Then said M a little grudgingly: "You do hole a certain number of those, but, thank Heaven! you don't hole long putts. You are not like H, he is a really good putter and holes them right across the green." I was only too glad to hear that he credited me with a few short putts and acquiesced in his perfectly just verdict as to the long ones. But mark the sequel. At the next hole but one, having played a vile second and a poor third, I was still not on the green. M was about two yards from the hole, also in three. I took an iron, hoping faintly that I might run up my ball dead and snatch an undeserved half and behold I put it in right across the green. M missed; I won the hole and he exclaimed: "Confound the fellow: that's what comes of saying that he did not hole long putts."

I tell the story not to glorify my own powers of fluking, but to illustrate the fact that golf makes us all terribly frightened of tempting the Fates. They are more utterly spiteful and malicious in golf than in any other walk of life; and most of us have had such bitter evidence of their malignity that we go to any lengths to propitiate them. Observe what happens if we meet two friends playing a match together and ask how they are getting on. "Oh, I'm four down," one of them may say with almost ostentatious loudness. He cannot well be worse off and has nothing to lose, but we shall never get his opponent to say: "I'm four up" so definitely and so cheerfully. Is it because he does not want to hurt his down-trodden partner's feelings? That is the reason that he should assign; he might even cheat himself into believing it, but the real truth is that he wants to avert the evil chance and so he says very meekly: "I'm one or two up for the moment." In a medal, when there are nobody's feelings to be hurt, the golfer is still more cautious. Nothing will induce him to say openly that he is one over fours. "I haven't torn up yet," is as far as he will go, and, perhaps, he will carry his propitiatory attitude so far as to add: "But I'm sure to have an eight soon." We may laugh at those who never through life say anything even moderately hopeful without touching wood or adding: "In a good hour be it spoken," but we are nearly all of us as bad as they are when it comes to golf.

I believe I have told the story before of a gentleman with whom I was once playing in the semi-final of a tournament. He was dormy one and received a stroke at the last hole and so remarked guilelessly that he hoped his driver would last out for the final. Crash went his next shot into a big bunker, and for him then there was no final. In his "Fifty Years of Golf" Mr. Horace Hutchinson gives a somewhat similar illustration from much more exalted golfing history. It occurred in the Second Amateur Championship at Hoylake in 1887; Mr. Hutchinson was playing in the semi-final against the late Mr. John Ball, sen., father of the Mr. John Ball, and stood one down with two to play. Here is the story in his own words: "Then he said to me, as we walked after our second shots to the seventeenth hole: 'It would be a funny thing if father and son had to play it off together.' It was an innocent remark enough and yet it nettled me a little, and I said in answer: 'Wait a bit, Mr. Ball; you haven't done with me yet.' Perhaps I ought not to have said it; it was rather a boastful answer. I can only plead the excuse of comparative youth." But if it was boastful, the Fates were clearly not listening to it. The first remark had put them on their mettle, and what happened? Why, of course, Mr. Ball put his approach shot into the cross-bunker guarding the Dun green (then the seventeenth) and Mr. Hutchinson got a three to win at the eighteenth.

Not only do these spiteful ladies punish anything which seems an affront to them; they are horribly unforgiving to us, when we throw away a chance—which is really none of their business. Suppose, for example, that our enemy puts his ball into a bunker and that we, having nothing to do but play safe, go into that bunker too. We know exactly what will happen. Our ball will be tight under the boards or at the bottom of a hoof-mark; the enemy's will be lying teed. Much the same sort of thing happens on the green. The enemy runs apparently out of holing in the odd; we have only to lie dead in the like to be sure of the half and very nearly sure of the hole. But we do not get dead; we are over-cautious, perhaps, and so a little short. Down goes the enemy's ball—right against the back of the tin, obviously in from the moment it left the club—and if we do not miss ours it will be a miracle. This may appear to be a matter of psychology rather than luck, but I swear that those chuckling Fates are at the bottom of it.

Of course, this is all nonsense and we ought not to allow ourselves to be too fatalistic. It may be only common prudence not to boast, but we ought never to go so far in the other direction as openly to proclaim that "two up and five to play never won a match." I heard the other day of an illuminating little incident to the point. The match was not at golf, but the principle is just the same. A was leading at an interval and his friends were congratulating him. He replied: "Oh, he's sure to beat me in the end," and B by chance was passing by and overheard. As B said himself: "It did not do me much harm," and I wonder how many points that one little remark was worth to

him. At any rate, A was quite right; he was beaten in the end. Boxers, if we may judge from the remarks attributed to them by interviewers, are always perfectly certain that they are going to win, though, in fact, they do not always do so. But it is not so, I think, at other pastimes—certainly not so at golf. There are but few who can say: "I shall win" without having an uncomfortable feeling afterwards, "what a fool I shall look if I don't." Everybody, I suppose, knows the story of the famous batsman waiting to go in at a critical moment in a Test Match. The rain had stopped and somebody wondered why the Australians did not come out to field. "They're afraid," said the batsman. Only the very few have the greatness of soul to say such things, and to live up to them, and they alone can despise the Fates.

## LAWN TENNIS

TOURNAMENT PROGRAMMES.

**T**HERE is an innocent-looking shabby, black Gladstone bag among my railway *impedimenta* which never fails to be a bitter detestation to porters. They go to pick it lightly off the taxi, whereupon it wickedly yanks their arms nearly out of their sockets and dumps itself on the ground. This bag contains nothing but paper; but paper in the peculiarly heavy form of tightly packed programmes of past lawn tennis tournaments, which I am obliged to carry about with me in order partially to justify the touching faith which induces tournament committees to engage my services as a handicapper. Tournament programmes are practically the only means by which a handicapper can do his work. Not even the official journal of the game provides him with data which will enable him to track down A. Z. Jones, and discover that he has won a third prize in a second class handicap singles at the Muddle-cum-Cuddle Tournament three weeks ago; and that A. Z. Jones must therefore come off the "thirty" mark he has so long adorned, and burst on an astonished world with a handicap of 15.5 at his next tournament.

There are, I suppose, over a hundred tournaments held in the British Isles every year, all very much alike in most details, but differing absolutely in one thing—the size, shape, colour and general get-up of their programmes. In a land of highly developed organisation, such as the United States or Czechoslovakia, I have no doubt that all tournament programmes are made exactly alike in every particular, so that, all being of the same size and shape, the official handicapper (who is doubtless an established institution in those enlightened countries, so different from ours) can bind the whole lot up into a book at the end of the season, and so save himself a lot of trouble.

But, on the whole, I rather like our own lack of system in the matter of programmes. It makes them easy to find. When I am feverishly tracking A. Z. Jones aforesaid, who has given me, say, Eastbourne and Hythe as displaying his most recent form, the tall white volume—it really is a volume—of Eastbourne juts out from my bundle; the bright pink of Hythe hits the eye as the programmes are turned over. The vivid reds of the Northern and Mansfield, the saffron of Norwich, the yellow of Parkstone, the green of Buxton, the grey of Queen's, and the red lettered square white of Tunbridge Wells all become as well known as his handicap ledgers to the handicapper, and he can lay his hand on any one of them out of the hundreds in his bag with scarcely a moment wasted in hunting for them.

But not only in shape and colour do they differ; they are extraordinarily dissimilar inside, in arrangement, in type, and in nomenclature. Thus, the "Gents' Doubles" of a suburban meeting becomes "The Gentlemen's Double-Handed Match" in the Northern programme, true to the tradition of an old world stateliness. The "diamond" type necessitated by the huge entries at Eastbourne or Wimbledon is clearness itself, compared with the rather dirty "bourgeois" favoured of Eastern County tournaments, the printers of some of which, moreover, seem to have a constitutional objection to placing the brackets opposite the pairs of names of opposing players, but prefer to slip the whole row of brackets one line up or down, so that everybody in the round is wrongly paired. They invariably used to do this at the now defunct Skegness Tournament, so that, unless one was very wary, one was apt to start gaily off with a lot of matches all of which had to be replayed, as they had been contested by players whom the printers, but not the draw, had opposed to each other. Some printers occasionally run short of brackets, and supply the deficiency with all sorts of odd devices; but this is never the case at Newcastle, whose programme boasts more brackets of all shapes and sizes, and in totally unrequired profusion, than any other in the country. They seem to regard brackets as an ornament in Newcastle. I confidently expect some day to find a chaste design of them on the cover.

I have been led away into these reflections on programmes by the unparalleled beastliness of the weather, which has caused play at my current tournament ("current" is a very apt word, by the way!) to be shut down for the day. The July of 1920 will long be remembered and accursed by the lawn tennis world. Few, indeed, were the days when it was even "officially fine"; and as for July heat—well, when I got on to the tournament ground this morning a very credible person informed me that the ice on the courts at six o'clock had not been quite strong enough to bear!

F. R. BURROW.